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JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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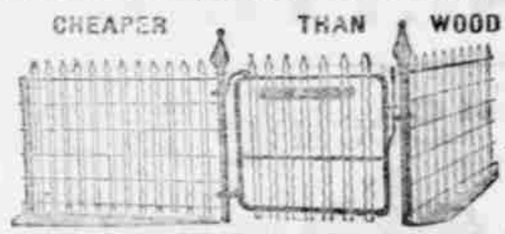

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A CHECK ON FARM HANDS.

Being the Suggestion of Mr. Silas Peters, Agriculturist, of Schoharie.

Thet new hir'd man o' mine, it seems to me
Ain't allers workin' hard 's he oughter be.
I ain't got time to watch him all the day,
To see if he's at work an' not at play.

There doesn't seem to be no thing to do
To really see ef what he says is true,
Thet he's a workin' hard from morn till night,
An' treatin me an' Marthy as is right.

He gits his board an' lodgin' out o' me,
With pie three times a day the same as we;
Which I o' course don't grudge him one small bit
So long as I'm convinced thet he earns it.

There'd ought to be some patent kind o' tools,
To show if farm hands acts up to the rules.
For instance, have a pitchfork made to show
How many bales o' hay he's tossed, you know.

The prongs could act jest like a grocer's scales,
An' register the hay that's tossed, in bales,
Inside the handle, on a small white dile
Like those pedompters when ye've walked a mile.

I thought I'd found a tool one day fixed so,
When Marthy said she'd seen a tally hoe:
'Nd I'd ha' bought one of it had a bin
A hoe an' not a coach for ridin' in.

But still the idee's there! A good one too
For farmers scattered all the country through.
A set complete o' tally tools like those
Would help a lot to lighten up our woes.

—Harper's Bazar.

CLEAR AS SUNSHINE.

The Happy Termination of a Lovers' Quarrel.

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

"What are you two fellows sniggering over?" cried Capt. Barrington to a couple of subalterns who were giggling like a brace of schoolgirls over a photograph. "Something nasty, I'll be bound."

"Nasty! Never made a worse shot in your life, old man. Eh, Colthurst? It's about as niccy-picky a picture as ever you saw. Ask Colthurst."

"Rather!" chuckled Colthurst, appreciatively.

"And it's not a fancy picture, either, for I took it myself with a snapshot of my 'kodak,'" said Perry.

"Here! Chuck it over if it's presentable," cried Barrington.

Perry skimmed the photograph across the room to the captain, who stooped, picked it up, glanced at it, and then sat suddenly down with the exclamation which seemed to have been wrung from him by a turn of the rack.

"My God!"

"What—what's the matter? Are you ill?" cried Perry, starting up and hurrying across the room to Barrington, who for a moment made no answer.

Presently he forced himself to look again at the photograph, when he again groaned and gasped hoarsely:

"Where—?"

"Where?" echoed Perry in perplexity.

"Where did you take this?" cried the captain, with a sudden fierceness which made Perry recoil a step.

"I—I took it somewhere in Ireland. Where the deuce did I take it now? Oh, to be sure! It was near Inchichree. There was a sudden shower, and I ran for shelter to a ruined castle and was only stopped at the entrance by the sight of those two spooning together. Just then the sun burst out again, and, as they were too much taken up with each other to notice me, I could not resist taking a snap shot at them with my kodak."

"It was a gentlemanly thing to do, Mr. Perry," the captain said, in a keen and cool tone, with a surprising recovery of his self-command.

"What do you mean?" stuttered Perry, blushing scarlet.

"If you were capable of understanding my meaning you would be incapable of this," he cried, in a tone that cut like a whip-lash, pointing to the photograph.

Then, with a withering look at the two foolish lads, he stole from the room.

Perry turned an inquiring look of perplexity to Colthurst, who promptly answered it.

"You've been and gone and done it now, my boy, and no mistake! It's the girl he's engaged to. 'Inchichree castle' or 'house' is her address, for I've posted letters to her for him more than once."

"Good heavens!" cried Perry, aghast. "But, hang it all!" he added. "He's well out of it. An engaged girl, like that, who would sit on another fellow's knee, with her arm round his neck and her cheek against his, is better found out before marriage than after."

This also was the consoling conclusion the captain tried to persuade himself that he had calmly come to; but his wild, mad love for Kitty Power cried aloud against it. If only he had not known! If only he had been allowed to live in his Elysian illusion—a fool's paradise—but such a paradise! But no. He was driven out from it with this flaming sword which pierced and burned and seared his very soul.

As he paced his own room to and fro he had again and again tried to force himself to look at the photograph once more and make assurance double sure; but he could not for a long time. When he did at last look at it, he struck it savagely with his clenched fist and cried:

"By ——! He'll answer this to me!"

And for some time he really did cherish the absurd hope of a duel with his rival in Belgium—a hope which, like a lightning conductor, diverted his fury from Kitty—but soon, seeing its foolishness, he was again torn and tortured with thoughts only of her.

How he loved and hated her! Worshiped and scorned her! Her? Whom should he justly scorn? Himself—himself alone! Had he not been warned again and again and again that the girl was a flirt? Did not his aunt no later than last week complain to him in a long letter of her conduct with a Mr. Rolleston—this very man probably?

Knowing his aunt's English and old-maidish prudery he had been impatient of her wooden warnings—assured that she had misconstrued the innocent gayety and guileless abandonment and the wistful winsomeness of an Irish girl through putting upon them a matter-of-fact English interpretation.

But "flirt" was a mild name indeed to give a girl who, while writing almost daily letters to her betrothed, alive and alight with seemingly the most artless love, could sit upon another man's knee (not a brother's, for she had none) with her arm round his neck, her cheek nestled against his, and her hand smoothing the hair from his forehead.

It was at this frenzied point of his meditations that the captain sat down to write the letter which turned Kitty the next morning white as the breakfast cloth.

Being a girl of singularly high spirit she did not utter a single word, but affected to go on with her breakfast unconcernedly until her father and her two young sisters had quitted the room. Then she rose, and getting behind her mother's chair to prevent the white anguish of her face being seen, she said in breathless staccato sentences:

"Read that, mother. It is from Capt. Barrington. Never speak either of it or of him to me again."

And before her mother had realized that something horrible had happened to sever the lovers Kitty had swept in the queenliest way from the room.

Nor even in the privacy of her own room did she for a long time break down into abject tears. She stood as though turned to white marble, facing defiantly the captain's photograph over the mantle piece, as though daring it to repeat the outrageous language of the letter.

When her mother's timid knock came presently to the door Kitty asked in a dull dead voice:

"What is it?"

"It's I, dear."

"Well, mother, what is it?" she repeated upon her mother's entrance.

"It's some misunderstanding, Kitty—some dreadful misunderstanding—or mischief making of his aunt's. From the first dear, I never liked—"

"Don't, mother, I asked you not and I meant it," she said in a tone which at once silenced and terrified her gentle mother.

Turning to say something not less repellant and steel-cold to her mother, Kitty caught the yearning trouble in her gentle eyes and was moved to fold her impulsively in her arms and sob:

"Dear mother! Dear, dear mother!"

And soon the poor girl was again a child upon her mother's knee. Yet even then she would not let her mother talk of that letter or its writer.

"If I struck you in the face, mother, you would not like ever to speak of it, or have it spoken of. Let me try to forget it: it's the most I can hope for," she said, with an aching desolation in her voice which made her mother press her almost passionately to her bosom.

But, though poor Kitty would not allow her mother to discuss the letter or its writer, or the motive of its writing, with an inconsistency that girls will understand, she permitted, even perhaps encouraged, her dearest friend, Miss Bell Herbert, to discuss the whole affair exhaustively.

"It's the aunt, of course; and it's Mr. Rolleston, of course; but nothing you could do or she could say justifies such a letter. I should dearly like to give him a little lesson with this," switching her riding-whip viciously in the air.

Need I say that a little of this vigorous virago talk of physical vengeance upon the recreant had a reactionary effect on Kitty? Her love was dead—murdered, as she thought—but she reverenced, so to say, the body of the dead, and could not endure its desecration by such talk.

As Bell had the tact to perceive this, she went at once upon the opposite tack of trying to imagine an adequate provocation for such a letter.

She cross-examined Kitty upon all flirtations with Mr. Rolleston without finding anything which anyone could candidly consider disloyalty to her engagement.

"But there's no knowing what she'd think improper," she wound up—"she" being Mrs. Lyncourt, the captain's aunt. "Some of these prim Englishwomen are like Ned's wooden soldiers—so stiff that anything which pushes them out of the perpendicular by a hair's breadth sends them over altogether."

Having done something by her sympathy at least, if not by her comments and her counsel, to comfort poor Kitty's harrowed heart, Bell had to quit her to ride home, where there happened to be urgent need of her presence at lunch.

Just as she was in the act of mounting her mare unaided, and for this purpose had gathered up her habit with one hand, she caught sight of the recreant captain standing staring at her as though turned to stone.

He had no sooner posted his letter to Kitty than he repented of its brutality and hurried after it or rather with it in the limited mail to Ireland.

His intense love coming upon him with a rush swept everything before it, so that in this mood and for the moment he would believe nothing—not that infernal photograph, not his own very eyes—against Kitty's truth and modesty.

Bell, though she had no idea that this was the captain (whom she had never seen), was arrested by the stupefaction expressed in the face of this man who stared at her as at the ghost of some one he had murdered.

Presently he took out a photograph and compared it with her face and figure—not forgetting her riding trousers!

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but is this you?"

Yes, it was Bell sure enough, with Kitty sitting on her trousered knees. In riding she had overtaken Kitty and been overtaken by a shower.

Leaving her horse with her groom, she scampered across with Kitty to the castle for shelter, and as there was only one sheltered seat available she took Kitty on her knee.

Kitty had occulted all her person but her trousered legs and her close-cropped head.

RICHARD ASHE KING.

Plenty to Do.

He had just returned from a more or less fashionable resort where he had left his wife and daughters. Meeting one of his friends on the street, he exchanged greetings, and casually observed that he had that morning got back from S——.

"How is it up there?" asked the friend.

"First rate," was the reply.

"Much to do there?"

"Not for me; but my wife and daughters are kept pretty busy."

"What doing? Driving?"

"Oh no; dressing for meals."—Harper's Magazine.

Practical Philanthropy.

The queen of Italy, having a desire to improve the condition of the submerged tenth in the southern kingdom, is setting about the business in a practical way. That is to say, she is attempting to reform the ragged little children of the gutter. They are to be rescued from the streets and taught some useful trade.

A WHITE RIVAL.

How a Bull Pup Came Near Spoiling a Romance.

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

What she could see in him I could never understand.

He was certainly big, and presumably strong and muscular, but neither in beauty nor in intelligence was he anything out of the ordinary of nature's handiwork.

I have heard her rave about his eyes; they were the color of coffee-berries, and moderately large, but their expression, to my mind, was eminently sheepish. He was disgracefully selfish, too, and was under the impression that his acquaintances could do nothing better than attend to his meals and accompany him in his walks. He was also abominably inquisitive and peculiarly clumsy.

And in spite of all this, she loved him—the most beautiful girl in the world loved him, and lavished caresses upon him that any man with eyes in his head would have given a kingdom to receive.

His accomplishments were few. He pretended to catch rabbits, and was reputed a "ratter" on the strength of having once barked at a rat in a cage; the servants had, with much difficulty, taught him a stupid trick of running off with paper parcels in order to get at the sweets or biscuits hidden inside; and an infinite amount of shouting, hallooing, and waving of arms would occasionally induce him to jump over a walking stick held two inches above the ground.

In short, he was a most ordinary white bull terrier pup, with a pink nose, surmounted by a black spot like a blot of ink from a pen.

Nevertheless, I owe him a debt of gratitude for being the cause of my first introduction to Ella Barrington.

It was on an August bank holiday—the one blazing hot day of a damp and dismal English summer. All the morning I had sought to avoid my kind, and at length, by four o'clock in the afternoon, I had discovered a delightful bracken-covered dell by the dry bed of a brook in Richmond park, where, but for the distant shouts of the gay and h'less cyclist, nothing disturbed the pastoral beauty of the scene.

Here I stretched myself out, with my arms under my head and my hat tilted over my eyes, and fell to dreaming and to wondering when, if ever, I, a bank clerk at two hundred a year, should so distinguish myself by the literary efforts which wholly occupied all my spare time as to be wholly independent of the bank, except as a place of safety for my superfluous thousands.

If only I could write a brilliant novel—the novel of the season! But American authors had declared that the stories of the world have all been told, and the serial papers preferred romances written by young ladies as being more sentimental and soothing, and the libraries would have nothing to do with the work of an unknown man, and—

A feminine shriek broke in upon my despondent musings, and the idea of a lovely woman in distress brought me to my feet.

She was lovely; of that there was no possible doubt. Tall and slender, with light brown hair and big appealing, dark blue eyes, eyelashes curling upwards and a red mouth drooping downwards dolefully.

She was angry, flushed and frightened, as was a small, stumpy girl, evidently her maid, who accompanied her. She clasped her gloved hands imploringly, and looked at me with tears in her eyes.

"My dog!" she panted. "My dog, Bull! Pray save him. Some 'Arries are murdering him!"

Then she ran through the bracken and I ran after her to the spot where five little east-end roughs and a villainous mongrel with one ear bitten through were wreaking vengeance upon a white bull terrier.

My six feet of authority, armed with a stout stick, speedily dispersed the dog's assailants. They retreated in confusion, employing language so bad as to be fortunately unintelligible to my damsel in distress, who was by this time kneeling beside her precious dog, hugging him effusively and trying to wipe away the blood from an injured leg.

The dog really had been a good deal knocked about, although I have no doubt he richly deserved it; he now, feeling himself an object of sympathetic interest, sat down and refused to move any further.

I knew something about dogs, and speedily bound up his paw with my own handkerchief and that of his mistress, which was simply marked "Ella."

Our faces were very close together over the dog's leg, and one of her tears splashed on to the back of my hand. Ella blushed, laughed and apologized. I never saw a lovelier blush or heard a sweeter laugh in my life.

Seeing that the beast was resolved not to walk, I carried him. He was a tremendous weight, and fidgeted abominably. But with Ella beside me, and her sweet, white hand, from which she had withdrawn the glove, constantly stroking the brute's neck, I trod on enchanted ground. The maid brought up the rear, giggling a good deal, but, as she constantly dragged behind to stare at soldiers, her presence did not in any way hamper us.

The accident took place near the White Lodge, and we had to pass out by the Star and Garter gates. Long before we reached them I was madly in love with Ella, and had already informed her that this was the happiest hour of my life, when to my dismay I learned that she was Miss Ella Barrington, eldest daughter of "Barrington's Starch," as we called him at the bank, where he lodged a portion of the wealth he had acquired in the manufacture of that commodity.

"Barrington's Starch" lived in a brand new stucco palace he had built for himself, near Richmond Hill, and, although he was not exactly a "Perkyn Middlewick," I could never understand how he could be the father of so refined and lovely and fairy like a being as Ella.

Before the gates of Barrington hall, as he called his brick and mortar monstrosity, we paused. We were friends, dear old friends, by this time. I knew that she was nineteen, and that she loved nothing in the world so much as her bull terrier pup, except her father and her brother Bob, and she knew every detail of my uneventful life of seven-and-twenty summers.

She asked me to come in; papa would want to thank me, she said.

I found papa genial enough, albeit somewhat condescending. "The young man from the bank," I afterwards found he called me, although my name, Ernest Wynter, was known to him, and he himself had begun life as a mill hand at six shillings a week. Still I was allowed to visit at Barrington hall, and to play tennis with the girls, and every day I grew more abjectly in love with Ella, whose unaffected charm of manner no parvenu surroundings could impair.

Of course I dared not to speak of my love to her. In my position, that was out of the question. I could only try to kiss the dog's head, just after her lovely lips had rested there, and to detain her hand as long as possible in greeting and parting from her.

Yet she must have guessed something of what I felt; for she took me one day into the kitchen-garden away from the children, and there, looking at me with lovely, tear-dimmed eyes, she suddenly remarked:

"I am so unhappy, Mr. Wynter. Papa wants me to marry Alderman Sir John Westbury. He is a nice old thing, and papa says I shall be lady mayoress. But I think he is quite as fond of my sister Bertha as he is of me, and—I am in love with some one else."

The look with which she accompanied her last words was a revelation. She grew very red the next moment and began rapidly talking of something else, while I, like a fool, stood and stared at her until her wretched young brother Bob came bawling down the garden after her, and so took my chance of speaking from me.

For the rest of the afternoon Ella avoided me, and, cursing my own stupidity, I went home and wrote her the following letter:

"MY DEAR MISS BARRINGTON: I don't know whether you will think me the most conceited ass alive for supposing that a few words of yours to-day encourage me to tell you what I meant to keep secret—that ever since I first met you, three months ago, I have been so madly in love with you that I can think of nothing else. But as my entire income does not exceed two hundred and fifty a year I have thought it would be presumptuous to talk of marriage to you, even had I felt hopeful of gaining your love. I will not venture into your presence again until I have heard from you. Only, I entreat of you, for the sake of our delightful friendship, if I have made a mistake, and it is some one else whom you love, not to write to tell me what a fool I have been. I shall understand and respect your silence, and, much as I may suffer, I will not intrude upon you again.

"Always, my dear Miss Barrington, what you wish me to be—your sincere friend or your most devoted adorer,

"ERNEST WYNTER."

I suppose other men have watched for the postman before now, but surely no man ever waited upon his footsteps as I did for three whole weeks.

Even at the end of that time I should have gone on hoping, but for the fact that, meeting Ella and her sisters in the street, her manner toward me left no doubt as to her decision, for, whereas the younger members of the family were as friendly as ever, Ella's manner was chilling to a degree. She would not even look at me, nor would she shake hands when we parted.

I own I was thoroughly miserable, and developed a faculty for caustic epigrams at the expense of the sex in general, writing several stories, entitled respectively, "Jilted," "No Heart," "A Coquette's Conquest," etc.

Then, one dreary November day, I met Mr. Barrington in the streets of Richmond. He was unusually genial, and insisted upon my coming home to dinner with him.

"Never mind about dress," he said. "It is quite an unceremonious occasion. And, to tell you the truth, I shall be glad of a stranger's presence to control the family weeping. My Ella leaves us to-morrow, as I suppose you know, upon her marriage with my friend Sir John Westbury, the future lord mayor of London."

No, I did not know, and I could have gone home and blown my brains out. But instead, I went to dinner with him, feeling that I must see Ella for the last time.

She was looking very lovely, but extremely pale, and her red-rimmed eyes seemed to dwell on me reproachfully. I could not congratulate her, the words stuck in my throat. Sir John Westbury was there, a handsome, well-mannered man, who hardly looked his fifty years of age.

After dinner, Ella stole out to take a long farewell to her precious "Bull." Sir John objected to dogs on a honeymoon trip, and she feared she would be too nervous to attend to him in the morning.

Suddenly, as Sir John and Mr. Barrington and brother Bob and I sat over our wine and smoke, the dining-room door burst open, and Ella flew in, in tremendous excitement, laughing and crying hysterically.

In her hand she held aloft some dirty, crumpled pieces of paper, and at her heels was "Bull."

"Mr. Wynter! Ernest!" she cried. "This letter. Is it from you? When did you write it? When did you send it? Bull must have taken it from the hall table and buried it! It is dated a month ago, and I have only just found it in the ground in front of his kennel. Oh, please explain to papa and Sir John! I can't. I—I thought you didn't care about me, and that is why I was going to marry him!"

All this happened three years ago. Bertha is lady mayoress this year, and Ella Barrington is Ella Wynter, the idol of my heart. And installed in a palatial kennel in the garden of our pretty home is my white, my only, rival.

GERTRUDE WARDEN.

Maximilian's Ruse.

Apropos of the recent train robberies an old story told on Maximilian is recalled: When Maximilian was emperor of Mexico he broke up train robberies by a trick. He disguised three hundred soldiers as peasant women and placed them on a train. A gang of bandits stopped the engine, when the three hundred disguised soldiers rose and fired a volley that killed one hundred robbers. After that the trains were not molested.

Mongolian Finery.

The wealth and station of a Mongolian are told by the number and elegance of the gowns which he carries on his back. Some Chinese are known to wear no less than eighteen heavily embroidered coats on state occasions, and to have so many weapons concealed beneath them that they are in fact a walking arsenal.

A SPELLING BEE.

You say that you can spell, sir, then be good enough to tell, sir,
How you spell me "parallel," sir, "synthesis," and "semaphore."
And perhaps you will try "ecstatic" and "syncategorematic,"
"Homiletic" and "hepatic," with an extra dozen more.

Can you spell "chryselephantine," "periphrastic" and "Levantine,"
Or the simple "adamantine," and the "polysyndeton?"
Can you tackle "anchylosis," can you spell "anadiplosis,"
"Enthymeme," "hypotyposis?" If you can, you're getting on.

Such little words as "grieving," "gallimaufry," and "deceiving,"
Oh, there's really no believing what mistakes you sometimes see!
"Pycnostyle," "paroxysmal," "caryatides" and "chrismal,"
Words like these, it's really dismal when they're misspelt at a "bee."

So you'd better learn "enclitic;" can you conquer "analytic?"
With "toreutic" and "mephitic," and a "penthemimeral" pause;
And there's "prestidigitation," "homocercal," "cachination,"
Oh, it's quite an education to learn orthographic laws!

Some long words anatomic have a sound that's rather comic,
And for verses palindromic would be simply most absurd.
There's the shorter "peroneus," and "palatopharyngeus,"
"Sterno-cleido-mastoideus;" could you choose a simpler word?
"Hydrostatic," "iridescent," "aromatic," "adolescent,"
"Enigmatic," "evanescent;" these are easy words, you see!
"Manducation," "macaronic," "percolation," "geoponic,"
"Annuation," "antiphonic;" there's a merry spelling bee!

—Spectator.

A SPRING POEM.

Why the Editor of the Monthly Messenger Accepted It.

Elaine Gray, carrying in her hand the manuscript of a poem—the first fruit of her literary labor—entered the editorial sanctum of the Monthly Messenger with fear and trembling. A young man seated at a desk looked up and smiled appreciatively—for Elaine was sweet and winsome and her confusion made her positively charming.

"Can I see the editor?" asked the girl, trying unsuccessfully to seem unconcerned, as if such visits were of daily occurrence.

"I am the editor, at your service," said the young man, politely. "Pray be seated."

"You!" she exclaimed, then checked herself, and said, with flaming cheeks: "You see, I had supposed that editors were all old and wore spectacles. I don't know what gave me such a ridiculous idea, I'm sure."

"We sometimes find our preconceived notions are wrong," said Mr. Horace Winthrop. "When I was a boy I thought that a bald head and a wart on the nose were the distinguishing characteristics of all doctors, because the only one I happened to know had them."

They both laughed, and Elaine was at her ease again.

"Do you accept poetry from an unknown author?" she asked.

"Very seldom," said the editor. "We receive so much verse from authors of established reputation that only by reason of especial merit can we accept contributions from unknown authors. I am always willing to read and pass judgment upon manuscripts, however."

"I have a poem here which I would like to read to you," said the girl, producing her manuscript. "You see, it is a spring poem"—this last half apologetically—"and I suppose you get plenty of those. I wrote it while visiting in the country last spring, when I was so enthused with the charm of the place and the season that I felt I must offer some tribute—and only verse was in harmony with my feelings. I read this to a friend the other day, and she advised me to bring it to you. It probably doesn't amount to much, for it is so difficult to write poetry! If I could only express myself as I desire!"

"That is a difficult art indeed," said Mr. Winthrop. "I suppose all poets have found their finer conceptions too subtle to transcribe in black and white. They are like the evanescent charm of a beautiful sunset—glorious to behold, but hard to describe and soon gone. Will you read your poem?"

Elaine read, in a voice that to Mr. Winthrop seemed very sweet, the following:

"All day the sunshine, clear and soft,
Has burnished earth with golden sheen;
All day the balmy breezes waft
Sweet promises from land of green;
All day has come the rapturous voice
Of tuneful birds from every tree.
'Tis spring—all nature doth rejoice—
And why not we?

"All day the distant mist-wreathed hills
Have taken yet a greener hue;
All day the placid lake reveals
A cloudless heaven's cerulean blue;
All day the brook its joy has told
While hastening to the distant sea.
The world forgets that it is old—
And why not we?

"All day from yonder grassy plain
Has come the lowing of the herd;
And softly falls the low refrain
Of insect, bee and tuneful bird.
Oh, why should man alone be sad?
All shows its happiness but he.
The world is bright—creation's glad—
And why not we?"

During the reading of the poem Mr. Winthrop, it is but true to say, paid little attention to the literary merit of the production—he was too busily engaged in studying the living, breathing poem before him for that.

"It is very pretty indeed," he said. "Will you leave it with me? I should like to read it carefully."

"Certainly," said Elaine, rising to go.

As the editor opened the door for her, he said: "I hope you will call again, Miss ——"

"Gray," she said.

"—— Miss Gray, and submit any contributions you may have. You seem to possess talent."

She murmured her thanks, gave him her sweetest smile and tripped out, very happy.

"By Jove!" was the editor's mental exclamation when she had gone, "that's a pretty girl. Why didn't I think to take her address? She may not call again. I guess she will, though, for she seems to have the literary fever in a mild form. Let's see—I didn't pay much attention to her poem—too busy observing the color of her eyes. Something about spring—like most of the rest of them."

He read it critically.

"Not so bad," was his comment; "considerably above the average for a beginner. It is commonplace, however; too much so to publish. But it will never do to refuse it, for if I do she will be mortally offended, no doubt, and I will not see her again. I must make her acquaintance."

"I thought all editors were old and cross," Elaine observed to Miss Wilson, her "dearest friend," that evening.

"Well, aren't they?" asked Miss Wilson.

"No, I took that poem on 'Spring' to the editor of the Monthly Messenger to-day, and he's a young man, and as nice as he can be. He seemed very much interested while I read the poem to him, and said it was ever so pretty. He asked me to call again, too, and said I seemed to possess talent."

"Perhaps he was more interested in you than in your poem," Miss Wilson sagely remarked. "It's lucky you took it instead of sending it."

"Why, what an idea," said Elaine, blushing.

When she went again to the office of the Monthly Messenger, a few days later, the editor greeted her with a smile.

"I have accepted your poem, Miss Gray," he said. "You write well for a beginner."

"Thank you," she said, gratefully. "I am very much encouraged."

"But I warn you," he continued, "that to succeed as an author requires a great deal of hard work and much perseverance, and even those who have become celebrated in letters often question if their success is worth what it cost."

"Oh, I never expect to become famous," said Elaine, innocently. "I will just write a little occasionally for the pleasure of writing."

"By the way," said Mr. Winthrop, hoping to divert her newly-awakened literary energies into another channel, "can you not contribute to our 'Household' or 'Fancy-Work' departments, Miss Gray?"

"Well, perhaps," she said with some hesitation. "Mamma flatters me by saying I am something of a housekeeper, and I might give you my recipe for making the crullers that papa appreciates so highly. And then I am doing a little fancy work, and if you care to have me I can tell you about it."

"Exactly what we want, Miss Gray, and I should like to have you contribute each month. I am sure your cooking receipts will appeal to the popular taste."

"But these subjects are so humdrum and prosy, Mr. Winthrop."

"True, but this is a humdrum world, Miss Gray. Where there is one who will read a poem there are ten who will read a receipt for making crullers."

"But I prefer the appreciation of the one who reads the poem to that of the ten who read the receipt."

"If the receipt is a good one the crullers will be appreciated, even if the author is not, and, besides, they may furnish inspiration for a poem from some grateful epicure."

"Your arguments are unanswerable," said Miss Gray, laughing. "The crullers win the day."

Each month after this Elaine contributed to the Monthly Messenger a few directions for fancy work or one or two of her choice cooking receipts—for she was, thanks to her wise mother's tuition, an eminently practical young lady, and well-skilled in all that goes to make a woman's education complete.

As for Mr. Winthrop, the girl, so sweet and womanly, grew very dear indeed to him, and became the bright center around which revolved all his hopes and ambitions. Love with Howard Winthrop was no light matter. As the ocean is stirred by a tempest, so his nature was moved to its profound depths by his love for Elaine.

It was May. A little party had exchanged for a few days the gray city for the sweet, green country, and among them were Mr. Winthrop and Elaine.

"It makes me feel like writing spring poetry," said the girl, as the two were strolling over the verdant meadows. "By the way, Mr. Winthrop, you never published that poem I gave you a year ago. I don't believe you intended to"—this last with a charming pout.

"No, I reserved it for a better fate," was the grave reply.

"And what is that, pray?" she asked.

"It is this," he said, taking from an inner pocket the crumpled manuscript. "I have carried it near my heart."

She blushed, but turned the subject aside with a laugh.

"Why couldn't you publish this, and keep the receipt for crullers, if you desired to—to honor me in that way?"

"Because it was through this I came to know you," he said, in a voice that made her suddenly serious.

She had taken the manuscript, and some penciled lines on the back attracted her attention. She read this:

"The woods and fields from sleep have sprung,
Awakened by the sun's warm kiss:
The birds a song of love have sung—
For nature's mating time is this
From earth below to heaven above
All holds a message sweet to me,
And speak in accents soft of love—
So why not we?"

With crimson face she returned the paper to him. He took the unresisting hand in both of his own, and held it tightly.

"That verse on the back, Elaine," he said, tenderly, "I wrote with you in mind. I have loved you since the day you brought me the poem. Will you give me your own sweet self to brighten my life and make it worth living?"

She spoke not a word, but only leaned her head against his shoulder—and he was satisfied.—Walter Hall Jewett, in Chicago Graphic.

Wonderful Mechanical Kittens.

A most wonderful mechanical toy has been on private exhibition in Paris lately and it is understood that efforts are to be made to secure the curiosity or curiosities for the Chicago exposition. This remarkable piece of mechanism consists of seven life-sized kittens, covered with real skin, but with eyes of emeralds set in white enamel. Each kitten is provided with some musical instrument, such as a flute, a zither, a violin, a drum, a harp, a cornet, an accordion, all perfectly harmonized. With these the kittens play the most difficult pieces of music, operas and such. The mechanism is similar to that of a common music box, and the whole apparatus, kittens, etc., is valued at about twenty thousand francs. The curiosity is even reported to be insured for twelve thousand francs.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 1, 1893.

THE Pennsylvania World's fair building has been sold to a Chicago wrecking company for $3,500. It cost $160,000.

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES O'NEILL, the "Father of the House," who inherited the mantle of those distinguished fellow-Pennsylvanians, William D. Kelley and Samuel J. Randall, died of pneumonia at his home in Philadelphia, on Saturday afternoon. His first appearance on the floor of congress was on December 7th, 1863.

IT is expected that President Cleveland's message to Congress will deal so fully with the financial policy of the administration that the Republican calamity wailers will find themselves deprived of their principal argument—the allegation that there is a doubt about the financial intentions of the administration. The message, together with the new tariff bill will put those intentions before the public so plainly that there can be no misunderstanding and no doubt.

POLITICS and wages have been badly mixed by Booth & Flynn, the Pittsburg contractors. Senator Flynn, a member of the firm, is chairman of the city Republican committee. A week before the election he increased the wages of his 100 bricklayers from $3.50 to $4.00 a day. A week after the election notice was served that the former rate of $3.50 would be paid. To this the men objected, and after holding several meetings, decided to strike. They went out on Monday.

REPORTS from all sections of Eastern Pennsylvania state that the condition of the growing wheat and rye is favorable, and that both cereals are in excellent condition for the winter season. The agricultural class feel encouraged by the fact that recent sales of farms show that values have appreciated about 25 per cent. over the prices realized for similar properties six months ago. The general consensus of opinion is that diversified farming will take prominence in the future, instead of depending solely upon cereals.

As the slump into hard times prostrated the industries and financial distress was not the result of a few weeks only, but of the evident tendencies of several years, so that the rebound to a healthier condition of affairs will be gradual and slow. But the rebound is taking place. Things are brightening up. There is a cheery and crispy atmosphere in the world of commerce and trades and industries are beginning to feel that the hour of danger is passed and that they may begin to launch out into action and progress. Slowly, but surely, the good times are coming and the calamity-howlers cannot keep them back.

EVERY infant industry whose nursing at the government breast has been the least particle interfered with by the proposed change in the tariff, will now be crying that the country is going to hades. Meanwhile the common every-day people who have been standing on their own bottom, making their own living, while helping to keep up the protected infants, will look camly on with the firm conviction, that had the lusty infants been weaned younger they would have bellowed less. They have been kept at the breast too long.

IT is quite unnecessary, says the Philadelphia *Times*, for the members of the monopoly trusts and combines or for the over-protected manufacturers to tell us that they will close their factories or cut down wages when the Wilson tariff goes into effect. We have heard that over and over again and know just what to expect every time. We all know, and they know, that they are not going to close their factories; and as to wages, they will pay just as much as is necessary to obtain good workmen, and not a cent more, tariff or no tariff.

Many of these same factories are closed now, under the beneficent operation of the McKinley tariff; nearly all of them have been cutting down wages, which range lower than for many years past, and still they can produce more goods than they can find a profitable market for. The Wilson bill proposes to enable them to manufacture more cheaply and sell more goods by removing the taxes from their materials and by promoting the interchange of their products with those of other countries. And yet they raise the same old howl, declaring that they are about to be ruined and that all sorts of calamities will befall the American people.

The monopoly organs re-echo this old parrot cry. They do not stop to examine the new tariff, or to weigh its purpose and effect. They are committed to the Chinese policy, under which combinations of capital have made fortunes at the cost of producers and consumers, and any measures that overturns this false system would be denounced by them. We have heard the same old cry so often that the country has grown tired of it. We had the whole matter threshed over a year ago, and the deliberate judgment of the nation was given for a new American policy.

That policy we are going to have. It is embodied in the new tariff bill. It will be enacted by Congress and approved by the President, and all engaged in legitimate industries will be the first to profit by it. It will go into operation so easily that it will only disturb by hastening the quiet and steady revival of industrial activity which is already assured. Before a year has passed we shall wonder, in our renewed prosperity, at the fatuity that ever made possible so violent an interference with the laws of trade as the now existing tariff.

THERE is no need of any great hurry, says the Pittsburg *Post*, in discussing the schedules of duties proposed by the new tariff bill. We can afford to wait until their details pass under the hands of experts and are liable to realize just to what extent the new system is likely to increase or reduce imports; what its effect will be on the public revenues, and what its probable influence on established industries. There will be plenty of time for all that. In the main the bill seeks to maintain advalorem rather than specific rates, the latter being based on quantity and the former on the more equitable basis of value. It favors free raw material whenever practicable. The bill includes the tariff schedules and the administrative sections, in many of which there is no change from existing laws. Tariff battles are generally waged over a few representative articles. The internal revenue sections of the bill are as yet incomplete and will be reported at a later day. The income tax appears to be the point of greatest controversy, and it is believed the idea of an individual income tax has been abandoned. It will be confined to corporations.

In the moderate reduction of duties in those protected industries that have made a scandal of protection. the bill, so far as we can judge of its rates, will disappoint the more advanced revenue reformers, as well as the Republican opponents of any tariff change. This is illustrated by the sugar schedule, sent out Monday morning to head off the speculators. It reduces the duty on refined sugar from one-half to one-quarter of a cent a pound, retains raw sugar on the free list and repeals the iniquitous sugar bounty in installment so that it will come to an end in eight years. This is moderation, certainly. Sugar can be refined cheaper in this country than abroad, and the quarter cent. duty retained may be low enough to permit the element of foreign competition against the exactions of the sugar trust.

Wool free of tax, with a corresponding reduction of duties on woolen goods of all kinds, is the corner stone of tariff reform. It is one that goes directly to the purchasing power of the wages or salary of every workingman and woman in the land. The argument is so strong that if we cannot carry free wool with revenue duties on woolen fabrics we might as well give up the ship. Thirty years of excessive protection on wool has reduced the flocks and the prices; it has not stayed the importation of foreign wools, and the excessive cost it has placed on wools in comparison with outside values has stimulated to an amazing degree the production of shoddy and all other cheap substitutes for honest and healthful wool.

We are the greatest shoddy-producing and shoddy-wearing people on the globe. In our northern states, with extremes of heat and cold, honest woolen wear is almost unknown to the poor man or woman. They cannot afford it because of the heavy taxes on raw wool, and then on the finished product. The new bill, identical with the Springer free wool bill of last year, puts wool on the free list and reduces the taxes on woolen goods by one-half in some cases and in others by more. To the American workingman this is as grand a gift as were free breadstuffs and free provisions to the English people at the hands of Peel, Cobden and Bright forty years ago.

In the metal schedule iron ore goes on the free list, while advalorem rates are established for most articles. On steel rails the duty is 25 per cent. and on structural steel 35 per cent. which would make the specific rate on rails about $5 a ton instead of $13.44 and on structural steel about $8.75 instead of $20. Pig and scrap iron and steel are fixed at 22½ per cent. instead of $6.72 a ton. The plate is put at 40 per cent. and pig tin is on the free list. Taking these representative articles on the dutiable metal list, and the rates should meet the approval of our Republican friends, as they fully cover the difference in wages at home and abroad, which is all that the Minneapolis Republican platform demanded.

Lumber is put on the free list, as well as salt and other necessities of life. As a rule the duties are made lowest upon the cheaper goods of universal use, and highest upon articles of luxury. It is a poor man's tariff bill, rather than the creation of trust and monopoly.

THE McKinley duty on steel rails is $13.44 per ton, or three and a half times the difference between the labor cost at home and the labor cost in England, as determined by President Harrison's commissioner of labor. The recent history of the rail industry, which has been controlled by a combination since 1887, shows that a duty of $5 would be ample to compensate for the difference between conditions at home and conditions abroad. Indeed, there are indications that certain manufacturers could sell rails profitably at a price which foreign manufacturers could not meet in this market even if there were no duty whatever. The Wilson bill reduces the duty to 25 per cent. As English rails could be landed at this port, charges paid, and free of duty, for about $22, this proposed duty is equivalent to about $5.50 per ton.

THE Ways and Means tariff bill, which will probably be known as the Wilson bill, is, on the whole, a satisfactory response to the demands of the country. The Democratic administration and the Democratic majorities in the two houses of congress were chosen to give relief from the high taxation imposed by the McKinley act, and this bill is the response to the country's desire. The bill generally is excellent. It has been prepared with great care and entire consciousness. It goes very far and perhaps as far as it is possible to go at once, towards a complete fulfilment of Democratic pledges. When it passes and becomes a law a new and brighter era will begin for American commerce and manufacture.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON D. C. Nov. 28, 1893.—The cold wave has reminded the President that he will soon have, to use his own words "a session of congress on his hands," so he has set faithfully to work on his annual message. This communication will doubtless throw a welcome light on many vexed questions, and is looked forward to with more interest and curiosity this year than generally attaches to annual messages. Not only will it outline the policy of the administration on the question of tariff revision, the question above all others upon which the country was carried last year by such an unprecented majority, but will throw more light on the financial problem, the Chinese exclusion question, the repeal of the federal elections laws. and the absorbing topic of our attitude in relation to Hawiian affairs. The mystery about the state department in relation to this last question is so thick that even the door-keepers have become sphinx-like with importance, and the thirst for reliable news can in no way be satisfied except by such a plain statement of the President's position as the message is expected to contain. If Mr. Cleveland simply wished to take the popular side of this question, without regard to the rights and wrongs involved, he would of course stand on the side of the revolution, and annexation, and all that is implied thereby. But the President has a fair and logical mind, reasoning mechanically and accurately from cause to effect, and is a consumate master of details. Having thoroughly investigated and satisfied himself of the justice of the case, he takes up his position in utter disregard of the rantings of prejudice, or the clamor of ignorance. It is much more difficult in this instance to do right than to do wrong, but we may look to see the sober second thought of the people sustain the President in his endeavor to undo a wrong done by our minister, and wipe out the scandal which attaches to us by reason of the flagrant disregard of the rights of a weak nation.

As the President and the cabinet ministers are engaged on their annual reports, necessarily a large number of infiniticimal "Me Toos" in the shape of. assistant secretaries are doing likewise But the thought that these estimable gentlemen are not important factors in the great structure of government borders on the sacrilegious. No ambitious pullet contemplating her initial egg was ever half so important nor nearly so busy. The whole scheme of free Government passes in critical review before these fledgings in statesmanship, and they feel themselves sitting in the heated focus of the gaze of sixty million souls, allowing one soul to each individual, and firmly believe that if they should prove too weak for the burden laid upon them, the flaming torch of liberty which has been handed down by the fathers, and kept brightly burning by the sons for four generations, would to out in the black night of ruin, anarchy, and chaos. Of course they are not as important as they think, and a year hence will know that none but the proof readers have really read their reports, but in the first sweet blush of their enthu-iasm they have a deafening applause, and see, with clairvoyant vision, themselves the objects of an awakening peoples gratitude.

About the most remarkable case of deliberate and persistent partisan blindness that has ever been exhibited in this country, is shown by a glance at the history of the last three years in connection with the contemporary statements of certain Republican politicians and papers. In 1880 the tariff act was passed, and pronounced to be in the most delightful harmony with the party platform of 1888. But lo! the congressional elections of that year came along, and swept out of public life nearly every man who was a prominent advocate of that measure. But we didn't hear anything from Republican sources about the tariff tinkers being rebuked. It was caused by the influx of foreigners, or the murdering of negroes, or the heavy rainfall, or the great drouth, anything and everything so that it wasn't the tariff. Then came the presidential election of 1892. Every prominent man on both sides declared that protection was on trial, and that the result must be accepted as expressing the sentiments of the voters on this question. The Republican platform had declared for protection, with reciprocity for desert. Mr. Harrison was in the fullest accord with the platform. The Democrats declared for revenue only, and no public man ever stood more squarely upon a question than had Mr. Cleveland for five years on the question of tariff reform. There had been no business depression, no executive acts to be rebuked, no foreign complications to turn the people's heads, and what was the result? The most overwhelming avalanche that ever bore down a policy swept away the advocates of the Mckinley bill. No candidate ever carried so many states before, and no President had ever before received so many electoral votes as did Mr. Cleveland, and yet not a single statesman or paper opposed to his policy was frank enough to admit that it was a rebuke to protectionists. Now, however, when there has been an election in five or six states, at which not a single official was elected who could influence national legislation, when the panic which the Republicans had bequeathed to us was still with us, when purely local and not national issues were in the main discussed, the high-priests of the G. O. P. held a grand festival and felicitate over the recent elections as a great triumph for protection. "What fools these mortals be!"

The number of cranks of both sexes who visit Washington annually to prosecute before Congress some claim which the governmint is alleged to have owed their ancestors, are like the sands of the sea and the stars of heaven combined, in point of numbers, and the spider which taught persistency to Bruce could receive a multitude of pointers on his favorite subject from this class of visitors. A few years ago members of congress were shadowed by an old crank who fancied he had fallen heir to all the land on which the city of Frankfort, Ky., stood, and for many sessions he was a very troublesome lobbyist, importuning congress to pass a bill to restore him the dominions of his fathers. Finally some of the members made him the subject of a cruel joke, by suddenly announcing that his bill had passed, and by turning over to him a check on the sergeant-at-arms for fifteen million dollars. The old man went into ecstacies over the good news, and shook hands with everybody in the capitol from the coal-heavers in the basement to the souvenir venders in the dome before he discovered that it was a hoax, and then he procured a shot-gun and hunted for several days for the members who had played upon his credulity so mercilessly.

M.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26.—Yesterday's sessions of the Knights of Labor convention were characterized by repeated and successful onslaughts on General Master Workman Powderly, which finally resulted in his resignation, rather than his submission to the certain indignity of a second desposition from his high office.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Strange Occurrence.

ROCHESTER, Pa., Nov. 26.—There was a most singular occurrence at the funeral of Mrs. William Shell, in the Beaver cemetery to day. The grave was dug by Walter W. Fish, step-father of the deceased lady. The grave was dug yesterday. It was necessary, however, for Fish to go to it to-day in advance of the funeral to set the rough box in position. Just as the funeral procession arrived at the cemetery James Brotherton curiously looked into the grave and saw Mr. Fish lying in the rough box. Upon an investigation it was discovered that Fish was dead.

Undertaker Reno, who was on the hearse, was notified and kept the mourners in the carriages in ignorance of what had occurred. Aided by the pall bearers, Fish's remains were removed from the grave and taken away. The funeral then proceeded without the wife and family knowing the father's fate. Upon their return home they were informed of the facts. At the coroner's inquest it was discovered that Fish's neck was broken. The accepted theory is that Fish stumbled and fell into the grave, fracturing his spinal column. Mr. Fish was 60 years of age.

After The Kaiser's Life.

BERLIN, Nov. 28—Great excitement has been added to that already prevailing over the attempt to kill Chancellor Caprivi by the news that Emperor William received an infernal machine similar to that sent the Chancellor.

The infernal machine sent to Emperor William consisted of a wooden box such as is used for dominoes, at one end of which near the bottom was fixed a brass case charged with nitro-glycerine, and so arranged as to be fired by an ordinary percussion cap when the box should be opened. The remaining space in the box was filled with loose gunpowder.

The infernal machines were sent from Orleans, France, and the French authorities will investigace the matter.

Robbed, Assaulted and Bound.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Nov. 28.—It has just been learned that on Sunday night James Logan, a batchelor, who lived a sort of hermit life in a small house on the bank of Big Shenango creek, was robbed, assaulted. bound, gagged and otherwise terribly abused by six men who forced an entrance to the house by battering down the door with a log. Logan was a long time liberating himself and so weak from exhaustion that he was unable to to go for assistance. Everything of value in the house was carried away. The robbers were not masked. Logan recognized two of the men as residents of Greenville and they will be arrested. Several months ago Logan's brother passed through the same ordeal.

Explosion in a Town Hall.

NORRISTOWN, Nov. 27.—A peculiar accident occurred in the town hall this morning, a lawyer narrowly escaping death and the building being badly wrecked. On the first floor an airtight vault for storing goods had begun to sweat and a gas burner had been lighted in order to dry it out. Last night the door closed, the gas being extinguished by the absence of air.

Lawyer Isaac Chism this morning noticing that the light was out, pressed an electric button to ignite it. Instantly there was an explosion and the lawyer was thrown into the corridor on the back of his head. His hair eyebrows and moustache were burned away. The building was considerably damaged.

Walked Into Death.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 28.—Myron A. King, a mason, shot and killed his wife and then ended his own life by sending a bullet into his brain at 10 o'clock this forenoon. King and his wife had parted two weeks ago after having several violent quarrels, Mrs. King taking their child and going to live elsewhere. This morning she passed her former home and was engaged in conversation by her husband. She reluctantly entered the house and soon after neighbors heard the report of the revolver and rushed in to find both stretched on the floor. The woman was dead and the man lived but a few minutes.

Thinks it a Good Move.

ST. LOUIS, MO., November 28.—Labor circles in this city are considerably agitated over the defeat of Powderly and the anticipated disorganization of the Knights of Labor. Ernest Kurzenknabe, national secretary of the United Brewer workmen and a staunch Knight of Labor, in speaking of the rumored disruption, said: "There is no ground at all for the report, so far as I have heard. The dropping of Powderly is considered a good move. The next move that will be made in the labor organizations will be when President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor is deposed."

A Fatal Game.

SCRANTON, November 28—A report comes from Paradise Valley along the Wilkesbarre and Eastern railroad that while three negroes of McCabe, Noble and Strang Camp were playing crap one who had lost all money drew a revolver and pointed at a man named Johnson demanding back his money. When Johnson refused the frenzied man shot him through the lungs. Johnson drew a revolver and shot his would be murderer dead. Johnson is now in the Monroe county jail attended by Dr. Schull. It is said he will die.

Wholesale Jury Bribing.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—Investigation of the charge that attempts have been made to corrupt Solon L. Gates and George T. Wilson, two of the jurors trying Daniel Coughlin for the murder of Dr. Cronin, shows that about 100 of the veniremen who had been in the jury box were placed there by unlawful means. It is said that a prominent county official who, it is supposed, has been implicated in fixing the veniremen, cannot escape from the evidence.

MEMBERS of the Nashville, Tenn., coal combine have been indicted under the anti-trust law.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Alleged heirs of Conrad Geyer, living in Berks county, are trying to run down a $3,000,000 fortune in Cuba.

—His insanity plea failed, and Alfred Clark was convicted at Erie of shooting Thomas Maloney with intent to kill.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

—Four children of Benjamin Tennis, who will be hanged on December 7th, on Sunday bade him good-by in Harrisburg jail.

—Herman Barrows, a farmer near Elyria, O., after a quarrel with his wife Sunday night, shot her and then himself. Barrows is dead; his wife may recover.

—Frank Reuben, an Italian, has been arrested at Dunbar, Pa., for inhumanly treating his 6-year-old child. Neighbors say he tried to starve the boy to death.

—Julius Hartman, the Pittsburg man, agent of the Armour Company at Greensburg, has been acquitted of the charge of embezzlement instituted by his employers.

—Connecticut farms raised so many turkeys this year that the markets have been glutted with the the Thanksgiving birds, and the prices have fallen proportionately.

—At Beaver Falls S. E. Graham, a liquor dealer, built a wooden building within limits contrary to a borough ordinance. The court decided that he must tear it down.

—In Austria, laborers who have passed the age of 60 may claim from the government a pension equal to one-third of the daily wages they received during their working years.

—Newton Gerrad, a Somerset county farmer, was thrown under a heavily loaded wagon one day last week by the breaking of the brake bar and the wheels passing over him killed him instantly.

—The widow of Daniel Dublin, who was killed on the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Youghiogheny railroad last summer near McKeesport, has sued the railroad company for $10,000 damages at Youngstown.

—Mrs. Casey Tincher, 90 years old, went to Carlisle, Ky., the other day to draw her pension. She walked 12 miles and seemed no more fatigued than a woman of 30 would have been. She walks to town at least once a week.

—The official speed of the United States cruiser Columbia was reported to the secretary of the navy last Friday by Rear Admiral Belknap, president of the trial board. They found the ship fulfilled the contract requirements in every respect. The official speed is 22.8 knots, giving her builders a premium of $350,000, at the rate of $50,000. for each quarter knot over the contract requirements of 21 knots.

—Burglars visited the residence of L. V. Schnurrenberger, treasurer of Green township, at his home at Greenford, near Youngstown, O., on Monday, chloroformed the family and secured $1,300 in funds belonging to the township. The treasurer had placed the money between the mattresses in a bed which was not occupied. Nothing else was taken from the residence, though a gold watch and jewelry owned by his wife were lying where the burglars could have easily reached them.

—Within the next ten days, perhaps, there will be a general exit of the laboring population of Robertsdale, the principal mining town in the East Broad Top region. The Rockhill Iron and Coal company have notified all employes in that section that a general suspension of work would take place on Friday, December 1, and continue indefinitely. This means the forced idleness of about 300 men and boys, and from information obtained from a well-known miner thus affected, many of the idle men will seek employment elsewhere

—S. C. Kittinger died recently in Toby township, Clarion county, aged 93 years. He was married at the age of 19. When he was 30 years he was the father of 11 children. When the eleventh child was a few weeks old he and his wife went on a visit, leaving the next younger with Mrs. Kissinger's sister and the nine others at home. In their absence the house took fire and the nine children were burned to death. During the next ten years eight more children were born to them, when the wife died at the age of 35 years, the mother of 19 children. Soon after he married again, and his second wife bore him 15 children. making him the father of 34 children at the age of 61 years.

Toilettes for Ladies.

For stylish evening costumes the silks of the present season have never been surpassed in fanciful variety. The interweaving of two or more colors, predominates in these tissues and produces novel and original effects in blending shades, which are still enhanced by the glistening moire surface that is given to many of them. Among other novelties the broche moires are particularly attractive, having delicate broche figures of one color standing out against the watered ground of a contrasting color. A rich brocade for reception gowns is called "damas camaien." This material has reppest ground in some solid color with a design in satin of the same color shot white. The painted bengalines are evening silks with light grounds, having printed pompadour bouquets which look as if painted in water colors. They are often combined with a new velours peluche. These items, as well as many others equally attractive, are to be found in the McDowell Fashion Magazines just received. The latest numbers of these artistic publications maintain still their high standard of excellence, which makes them of inestimable value to all devotees of fashion, and easily accounts for the wide spread admiration they secured at the World's Fair. A special new inducement has been introduced in them in the shape of pattern coupons, by which one can secure many novelties at moderate prices. "La Mode de Paris" and "Album of Fashion" only cost $3.56 a year each, or 35 cents a copy. "The French Dressmaker" is $3.00 per annum, or 30 cents a copy, while "La Mode," the home fashion magazine above all, comes at the very moderate price of $1.50 a year, or 15 cents a copy. If you are unable to procure any of these publications at your newsdealer do not take any substitute for him, but apply by mail to Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th street, New York.

Musical Contest.

We have received from the publishers, the two great rival marches: "Protective tariff Grand March," and "Free Trade Grand March." The former is by the well-known author, Will L. Thompson, of East Liverpool, Ohio. The latter is by Wm. Lamartine, an author of equal talent, and both pieces are beautiful, bright and snowy marches of medium difficulty for the piano or organ. Price 40 cents each. They are for sale at all music stores, or may be procured from Mr. Thompson at one-half price. One firm alone has ordered 15,000 copies.

When Johnie's Dad Said Grace.

Two little 5-year-old boys residing on Pine street were talking about religious matters the other day. Said the first:

"My papa always says grace at the table."

"What's grace?" inquired the other.

"Why, askin' God to bless the food you're eatin' for Christ's sake, amen,"- answered the first. Don't your papa never say grace?"

"I never heard him saying it but once," was the innocent reply, "and that was one day when he was fixin' the pump."

B. & B.

BLACK GOODS

Never in greater demand; never so many choice styles and fabrics from which to select, and

NEVER A TIME AND PLACE

could they be bought for so little money

NOW AND HERE!

500 pieces new, neat, fancy weaves, ten to twenty styles, at each price. 50c., 65c., 75c., 90c., $1.00 and $1.25.

All-wool, plain black

LADIES' CLOTH,

38 inches wide, 30 CENTS PER YARD.

100 pieces of American

BLACK DRESS GOODS

in neat, stylish designs, not wide, only three-quarters of a yard, and only three-fourths wool, but they are only

Half-Price at 12 1-2 Cents.

Write our Mail Order Department for samples of these, and all other lines Dress Goods, Silks and Suitings, and learn how much you may save by taking advantage of our

Small Profit Prices.

Our New Catalogue will help immensely in selection, not only of Dress Goods, but Ladies', Misses' and Children's Jackets Wraps, Furs, etc., etc. It is yours for the asking—free.

• • • •

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

AND STILL THEY COME!

New Bargains Every Day!

LOOK AT THIS.

Save 45 per cent. on all Groceries bought of CALLIHAN & VEY as the following price list will show:

2 cans Salmon	25c
3 lb crocks Apple Butter	25c
3 lb crocks Jelly	25c
3 cans pie pumkin, 25c.; 7 cans	50c
Old German Soap, 6 cakes	25c
G. E. Soap, 2 for 5c.; 40 cakes for	$1.00
Best Red Oil German Mott Soap, 6 cakes	25c
H. M. Soap, 7 cakes, 25c.; 30 cakes	$1.00
50 lb sacks Winter Wheat Flour per sack	95c
Tea, 25c. per lb; 5 lbs for	$1.00
Marrowfat Peas, 3 cans	25c
Condensed Milk, per can	10c
Roast Beef, per 2 lb can	20c
Corned Beef, per 2 lb. can	20c
Chipped Beef, per 1 lb can	20c
Table Peaches, 2 cans	25c
Ginger Snaps, 3 lbs	25c
Wine Cakes, 3 lbs	25c
Milk Lunch Cakes, 3 lb	25c
O. B. Rolled Oats, per 2 lb package	10c
Mince Meat { 3 lbs for	25c
{ 7 lbs for	50c
Rio Coffee, per lb	25c
20 lb Lima Beans	$1.00
Five Brothers' Tobacco, per lb	28c
Hams, per lb	12½c
Lard, 11c. per lb.; 3 lb for	30c
World's Fair Blend Tea, per lb	50c

We would call special attention to our Mountain Rose Flour at $1.25 per sack.

20 lb Granulated Sugar for $1.00 with every order amounting to $10.00.

All goods sold by us guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

☞ We pay Freight on all orders of $10.00 or over to your station.

☞ SILVERWARE GIVEN AWAY. Send for price list.

Orders by mail to

CALLIHAN & VEY,

836 BRADDOCK AVENUE,

BRADDOCK, PA.

Will receive prompt attention.

P. R. R. SCHEDULE.

Schedule in effect May 23, 1893.

Connections at Cresson.

EAST.

Seashore Express	6 30 a m
Harrisburg Accommodation	9 23 a m
Day Express	11 04 a m
Altoona Express	1 00 p m
Mail Express	5 17 p m
Philadelphia Express	8 12 p m

WEST.

Johnstown Express	8 14 a m
Pacific Express	8 27 a m
Way Passenger	2 36 p m
Mail Train	4 26 p m
Johnstown Express	7 59 p m

Ebensburg Branch.

Trains leave as follows: 7.30, 10.25 a. m., and 3.35 p. m. and arrive at Cresson at 8.20, 10.50 a. m. and 4.15 p. m. Leave Cresson at 9.30, 11.27 a. m and 5.20 p. m., and arrive at Ebensburg at 10.10 a. m. and 12.01 and 6.10 p. m.

Cresson and Clearfield.

Leave Irvona at 6.45 a. m. and 2.40 p. m. arriving at Cresson at 8.05 a. m. and 4 p. m. Leave Cresson 9.40 a. m. and 5.18 p. m., arriving at Irvona at 11.00 a. m. and 6.38 p. m.

Sunday trains leave Cresson every Sunday at 9.30 a m and 5.18 p. m., arriving at Irvona at 11.40 a. m. and 6.00 p. m.

For rates maps, etc., call on agent or address THOS. E. WATT, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager.

J. R. WOOD, General Manager.

Mountain House

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

THIS well-known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Luther, where the business will be carried on in the future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty.

☞ Ladies waited on at their residences.

JAMES H. GANT, Proprietor

FREE

$10.00 worth of lovely Music for Forty Cents, consisting of 100 pages full size Sheet Music of the latest, brightest, liveliest and most popular selections, both vocal and instrumental, gotten up in the most elegant manner, including four large size Portraits.

CARMENCITA, the Spanish Dancer,

PADEREWSKI, the Great Pianist,

ADELINA PATTI and

MINNIE SELIGMAN CUTTING.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL ECHO CO.

Broadway Theatre Bldg., New York City.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

HOTEL LEGRANDE,

H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits, quick sales, SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

FARMERS!

TAKE NOTICE.

If You Want

GOOD FLOUR

TAKE YOUR GRAIN TO THE

OLD SHENKLE MILL

In Ebensburg.

THE

FULL ROLLER PROCESS

For the Manufacture of Flour has been put in the Old Shenkle Grist Mill in Ebensburg, and turns out nothing but

FIRST CLASS WORK.

Bring in your Grain and give us a trial Each man's grain is ground separately and you get the flour of your own wheat The mill is run every day with the BEST OF POWER.

SAMUEL D. LUDWIG, Proprietor.

sep15,93

NEW STYLES

NEW GOODS

OUR Fall and Winter Stock of Overcoats is now complete. We have the Largest Stock in Northern Cambria and will give you the Lowest Prices on Fine Goods in the State. We kindly ask you to call and examine our goods and get our prices.

We Will Save You Money

and we are confident we will please you. We have SUITS to fit and please everybody. Our line of OVERCOATS is immense. Very Respectfully,

C. A. SHARBAUGH.

Carrolltown.

THE BEST PLACE IN ALTOONA

TO BUY CLOTHING IS AT

JOHN McCONNELL'S

1300 ELEVENTH AVENUE.

Where you will find a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suitings in all styles and qualities.

FALL AND WINTER WEAR!

for Men and Boys, for Style and Finish can not be beat for the price Furnishing Goods, Hats and caps,

TRUNKS AND SATCHELS

in endless varieties. You are invited to call and see us when in the city and we will do you good.

JOHN McCONNELL.

ALTOONA, PENNA.

EBENSBURG

Marble and Granite Works,

J. WILKINSON & SON, PROPRIETORS,

—DEALERS IN—

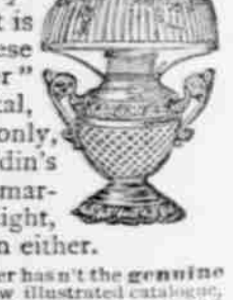
Monuments, Headstones, Vaults and Sarcophagis, Marble and Marbleized Slate Mantels, Cemetery Fencing of all kinds. Also Iron Fencing for public buildings and dwellings.

Purchasers will find our prices the lowest when they consider the class of work we manufacture. We also buy by the car-load and give customers the advantage of reduced freight.

WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE

SETTING OF WORK.

"Seeing is Believing."



And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe* and *unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the *Largest Lamp Store in the World.*

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

IT WILL PAY YOU

To go QUINN'S, Clinton street, Johnstown, to buy Carpets, Linoleums, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Blankets, Feathers, &c. Prices Reduced on All Goods, and FREIGHT PAID on All Large Packages.

JAMES QUINN.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Whereas letters of administration on the estate of Arthur Devlin, late of Jackson township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to me, while those having claims against the same are notified to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

DANIEL DEVLIN,
Administrator of Arthur Devlin, deceased.
Jackson township, Nov. 3, 1893.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

All persons having claims against the estate of Jeremiah Noonan, late of Munster township, Cambria county deceased, or against the estate of Eliza Noonan, late of said township, deceased, are requested to present their claims properly probated to me by May 25th, 1893.

M. D. KITTELL.
Ebensburg, Pa., March 31, 1893.

CANCER and Tumors CURED—no knife, book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & BUSH, 163 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 1, 1893.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Six hundred cases of small-pox in the city of Reading.

—Mr. Bernard Litzinger and wife, of Loretto, were in town on Wednesday.

—Thomas H. Heist, of Harrisburg, spent a couple of days in town this week.

—Mr. John Rosenhamer, of Cambria township, lost a valuable colt from distemper on Tuesday.

—Mr. Christian Walters, of White township, accompanied by his son spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—J. F. McKenrick, Esq., of this place, was in Hollidaysburg on Monday in attendance at argument court.

—Mr. Bart. Hobart, of Clearfield township, was in town on Wednesday in attendance at the teachers' institute.

—George, the nine-months-old child of W. W. Blair, of Altoona, died on Monday at Mr. Blair's home in that city.

—Chief Engineer Martin, arrived here on Monday and the corps under his charge are doing some work down along the Blacklick.

—Mr. George Krug, of Cambria township, had a shooting match on Friday which was attended by a number of Ebensburg's crack shots.

—Mrs. Patrick Farren, of Cambria township, who was dangerously ill with pneumonia last week, is improving and will soon be about again.

—On last Sunday morning the Presbyterian church at Falls Creek Clearfield county, was burned to the ground. Loss [illegible] with $1,000 insurance.

—J. A. Shoemaker, of this place, who has a steam saw mill on the McFadden tract of land in Blacklick township, has commenced cutting lumber.

—George Shuey ignited a body of gas at Rayside mines, Clearfield county, on Sunday, and was buried forty feet down the manway, receiving frightful injuries.

—The two-story frame dwelling house owned and occupied by N. B. Barnhart, at Mosham, was burned on Thursday of last week entailing a loss of $2,500. Insurance, [illegible].

—On Wednesday Messrs. Orth & Co., the well known and enterprising merchants of Gallitzin, had a free distribution of poultry from their store in that place to the poor of the neighborhood.

—The new Central railroad of Pennsylvania from Bellefonte to Mill Hall, a distance of 36 miles, was completed last week and will be open to traffic December 4th. It traverses a valley rich in iron ore.

—Dr. Griffith, of this place, has removed to his former residence on High street, which during the summer was being remodelled and repaired. He is now domiciled in one of the finest and most convenient houses in Ebensburg.

—The body of an unknown man was found on the railroad between Cresson and Gallitzin on Monday morning. He is supposed to have been a tramp and was in all probability struck by a train during the previous night. His remains were taken to Gallitzin for interment.

—Thursday of last week a deal was consummated by which the New York Central has leased the entire Beech Creek system with all its connections and terminal facilities for a term of ninety-nine years. The action was approved by and filed in the courts on Saturday.

—Peter Fannin, of Hollidaysburg was struck by a train on the Hollidaysburg branch on Thursday night and thrown from the track. He had his right foot crushed and being unable to walk laid where he fell until he was frozen to death. He was not found until Friday morning.

—John Apple, a young man from South Fork, went to Johnstown on Monday to have a good time. He succeeded so well that he found in the evening that he was the possessor of a very large "jag" and minus the sum of fifty dollars that he blamed a companion for stealing from him.

—Mrs. Abram Thomas, of Greensburg, while in a delirious condition from sickness on a recent Thursday afternoon got out of an upstairs window onto the porch roof, from which she fell to the ground, a distance of twelve feet, sustaining serious injuries from which she may not recover.

—George Flinn, of Penn, a track hand on the Pennsylvania railroad, died from poisoning on Wednesday evening of last week under circumstances that are surrounded by mystery, and indicate that he was the victim of some unknown murderer. The deceased leaves a wife and several children.

—A man named Grant has been committed to jail at Clearfield by Constable Caldwell, of Glen Hope, charged with the burning of three buildings at that place. The evidence against him is said to be of the strongest nature. He is said to have fired a school house, a stable and a dwelling house.

—The Patton *Courier*, a new paper published at Patton made its appearance for the first time last week. Its first number gives a description of the rise and progress of Patton and the various interests centered there. It is neatly printed, has no politics, and should have the generous support of the people of Patton and vicinity.

—A cold wave struck the town about the same time that the teachers' institute was called to order. Every rose has its thorn, but it seems too bad that when our town is filled with pretty school marms the weather is too inclement to allow them to be visible on our streets except for a few minutes when rushing to their boarding places.

—At the election held in Washington township on Tuesday for the purpose of voting on the question of dividing the township, three hundred and fifty-one votes were polled, the citizens showing by turning out that they were very much interested in the question. The vote as returned is as follows: For division, 191; against division, 160.

—It is said that gamblers from Pittsburg, Johnstown and Blairsville have been visiting Derry regularly after every pay-day to fleece the railroad men out of their earnings. A number of local sports stand in with these professionals and share in the spoils. The parties are being looked after by the authorities, who are determined to put an end to the business.

—Mr. Henry Cassidy, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Munster township, died on Wednesday morning, aged about 80 years. The deceased was an engineer on the Old Portage railroad and after the sale of the public works by the state, entered the service of the Pennsylvania railroad as an engineer and continued in the Company's service up until a few years ago, when advancing age compelled him to relinquish his employment on the road.

—Marion Cessna, son of Hon. John Cessna, of Bedford, committed suicide on Thursday of last week by shooting himself through the heart with a revolver. The only cause assigned for the rash deed was despondency. The Sunday preceeding his death he remarked to a friend that if it were not for his wife and child he would shoot himself. He was manager of the Bedford Electric Light Company and his books are all right. About three years ago he was united in marriage with Miss Jennie B. Elliot, of Hollidaysburg. Hon. John Cessna has been ill for some time past and it is feared that in his weak condition the shock of his son's tragic death will prove fatal.

—Jennie, a nine-year-old daughter of John Kesler, of the vicinity of Stauffer, Westmoreland county, while playing about the kitchen on Thursday evening of last week, upset a pot of boiling water over her breast and lower extremities, which were burned in a frightful manner. A physician was summoned and dressed her injuries, but here recovery is doubtful.

—The new addition to St. Bridget's Catholic church at Lilly has been completed and will be dedicated next Sunday. The new addition addition is 40x60 feet and the church as it now stands is in the shape of a T. and will seat 1,000 people. The dedication sermon will be preached at half past 9 o'clock A. M., and in the afternoon of the same day the service of blessing a new bell that has been purchased will take place.

—Edward Callaghan died at his home at Lilly on Saturday night after a brief illness. Mr. Callaghan had been a resident of Lilly for a number of years and was well and favorably known. He is survived by a wife and eight children, most of whom are grown up. His funeral took place on Sunday afternoon. Interment was made at the Catholic cemetery at that place. It is said that he carried a life insurance for a considerable sum.

—The story which has been going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that capitalists in the interest of the Beech Creek railroad are negotiating for the purchase of 10,000 acres of Moshannon coal in the Houtzdale district, is laughed at by everybody who knows anything about the coal territory of the Clearfield basin. There isn't a thousand acres of undeveloped Moshannon coal in the whole region. —*Philipsburg Ledger*

—Samuel Horn, a passenger on the St. Louis & Cincinnati express, died in a Pullman car when near Gallitzin at about 11:30 on Saturday night. The deceased was a resident of Baltimore and was on his way to meet his daughter at Chicago. The body was taken to Pittsburg and a telegram sent to the daughter, who sent a message directing that the remains be kept there until her arrival on Monday, when they were taken to Baltimore for interment.

—About six weeks ago Isaac Goss, a prominent citizen of Hillsdale, Indiana county, cut his right foot slightly with an axe. The wound did not heal and blood poisoning set in. On Friday the old gentlemen submitted to amputation of the leg just below the knee as the only means of saving his life. The operation was performed by Drs. Rice, Sloan and Hazlet, and was entirely successful. Mr. Goss is an uncle of Dr. Sloan, of Carrolltown, and Dr. Green, of Summerhill.

—Scarlet fever has been existing in a very malignant form in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in Johnstown, and also in other parts of the city, and, at a meeting of the board of health there on Friday night, it was decided to close the schools, both public and parochial, in the above wards this week and have the buildings fumigated and disinfected. Next week the teachers' institute will be held in Johnstown and the public schools will be closed. If by that time disease has not abated sufficiently, the schools will be closed until such a time as the health board considers it safe for them to open.

—A very high authority, speaking of small pox cases, says: "I am willing to stake my reputation as a public man if the worse case of small pox cannot be cured in three days simply by cream of tarter. This is the sure cure and never-failing remedy: One ounce of cream of tarter dissolved in a pint of boiling water, to be drank when cold at intervals. It can be taken at any time and as a preventative as well as a curative. It is known to have cured 100,000 cases without a failure. I have myself restored hundreds by this means. It never leaves a mark, never causes blindness and prevents tedious lingering."

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Guthrie, of Clover township, Jefferson county, were inspecting a litter of young pigs, when the old sow stepped on one of the little ones, which caused it to squeal. The mother evidently thought Mr. Guthrie had injured her offspring, for she attacked him viciously. In trying to get out of her way he fell, and Mrs. Guthrie, attempting to drive off the infuriated beast, was in turn attacked, and the animal getting hold of one of her arms, literally chewed it from the wrist to the elbow, every bone being broken. Mr. Guthrie got a club and drove off the animal. The physician hopes to save Mrs. Guthrie's arm.

—On Twursday afternoon of last week General Beaver and Colonel Spangler called a meeting of the miners employed in the Sterling Company's mines at Hastings to consider some means by which the weight of coal can be better regulated. The company claims that there is considerable loss of weight in coal between the weight registered at the tipple and that given by the scales of Altoona, and they wish the miners to suggest some method by which the discrepancy can be adjusted. Speeches were made by several parties on both sides. The tone of the speeches made by both operators and miners gives reason to believe that a friendly decision will be arrived at.

Accidentally Snot.

On Monday, Mr. John J. Jones, (Camphill,) residing about four miles south of Ebensburg, and his son Robert, aged about 14 years were doing some work near his house and had with them a shot gun loaded with beans which they laid on one of the timbers of a large, old fashioned, elder press. The gun in some accidental manner was discharged and the charge struck Robert in the right side, inflicting a severe but dangerous wound. A pass book that the boy had in his coat pocket in all probability saved his life, as the beans first struck the book and passing through it entered the flesh making an ugly wound but did not penetrate into the interior of the body. Quite a number of the beans were found in the boy's boots having penetrated through his clothing and then dropped down and were found when he was put to bed.

A Long Procession.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer says the children who go to school in America would form a procession stretching from New York to San Francisco and up the Pacific coast to Portland. Three hundred and sixty-five miles of the procession carry the banner of the Keystone state. Dr. Schaeffer is justly proud of the public school system of Pennsylvania and boasts that the state has always been liberal in its contributions to the school fund. "Draw a ten foot square on the floor," says the superintendent, and cover the surface with silver dollars you would have to raise that pile until it would reach 250 feet to represent the amount of money that the state treasurer pays out every year for the support of the schools of this commonwealth."

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, November 29, 1893:

Louis Lehmyer and Otilla Moschgat, Dale.

James H. Ramsey and Anna Litzinger, Johnstown.

John C. Penrod and Amanda Wirick, South Fork.

Thomas J. Joll and Sophia C. Reynolds, South Fork.

Webster Griffith and Alice Zahm, Ebensburg.

Frank M. Buchanon and Mary Ellen Hanecamp, Johnstown.

William H. Pearson and Minnie D. Patterson, Johnstown.

Get Ready for Court.

In accordance with the rule fixing the trial of certain cases for certain days, District Attorney Murphy has given out the following program:

LIST OF CASES FOR TRIAL MONDAY.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Malcomson, surety of the peace; Maggie Rhoades, prosecutor.

Augusta Mink, surety of the peace; William Rhoades.

James McMichael, surety of the peace; Dora McMichael.

James McMichael, surety of the peace; Lydia Bower.

James Malcomson, surety of the peace; Ellen Seely.

William Estep, surety of the peace; John Riffle.

William Litz, desertion; Laura Litz.

E. L. Miller, desertion; Hulda Miller.

Jacob Shaffer, desertion; Hannah Shaffer.

Cyrus Helsel, desertion; Emma Helsel.

Frank Powers, surety of the peace; David Lang.

Thomas Peach, assault and battery; J. Walter Durbin.

J. A. Noel, selling liquor without license; M. G. Beers.

George Aukenbauer, violation liquor law; James Howell.

John J. Hauk violation liquor law; Lucinda Eck.

Philip Peters and Mathias Peters, assault and battery; John Rinko.

James Slick, breaking and entering; Maggie Rager.

FOR TRIAL TUESDAY, DEC. 5, 1893.

Maggie Rager, adultery; James C. Slick, prosecuter.

Peter Seymour, keeping disorderly house; W. Scott Shaffer.

Peter Seymour, furnishing liquor to men of intemperate habits; W. Scott Shaffer.

Peter Seymour, selling liquor on Sunday; W. Scott Shaffer.

S. A. Noel, violation of liquor law; M. G. Beers.

David Butterbaugh, rape and fornication and bastardy; Lena Weakland.

John Shedlock, et al., highway robbery; Abram Suett.

Ed Rodgers, et al., assault and battery; Kate Sheehan.

Emanuel Berkey, embezzlement; S. Borrles.

Edward Wagoner, rape and fornication and bastardy; Annie Burkett.

John Dougherty, fornication and bastardy; Lizzie Collins.

John Wolf, assault and battery, Clara Steel.

William Dunn, fornication and bastardy Edith Nolan.

John Crouse, felonious assault and battery; John Renard.

John Vogel, assault and battery; Kate Keim.

John Kolar, assault and battery; Jos. J. Forgeas.

John Kolar, assault and battery; Jos. J. Forgeas.

Charles Powell, assault and battery; William Miller.

Jos. Malcomson, assault and battery; Maggie Edmundson.

Jos. Malcomson, assault and battery; Ellen Seely.

Maggie Edmundson, assault and battery; Jos. Malcomson.

Ellen Seely, keeping disorderly house; Jos. Malcomson.

Elysses McLaughlin, keeping disorderly house; E. B. Vickroy.

James McMichaels, keeping disorderly house; Dora McMichaels.

FOR TRIAL WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6, 1893.

Commonwealth vs. Samuel Jones, et al. arson; Samuel Cornelius, prosecutor.

S. S. Burkhart, larceny; Philip Pritsch.

W. McLaughlin, malicious mischief; Catherine Apple.

W. McLaughlin, malicious mischief; Catherine Apple.

W. McLaughlin, malicious mischief.

Harry Kittoo, fornication and bastardy; Rachael Mock.

Harry J. Miller, fraudulent assignment; Jos. K. Love.

Harry Kyle, defrauding boarding-house keeper; Paul Strayer.

John I. Iddings, bigamy; Lottie Hainze.

Julius Sabbott, aggravated assault and battery; Kate Sabbott.

David Stutzman felonious assault; Gabur Warick.

David Teeter, felonious assault and battery; Gabur Warick.

John Zuell, Tony Bennett, et al., assault and battery with intent, John Landell.

Andrew Laubrig, aggravated assault and battery; Henry Sell.

John Glenn, assault and battery; Etta Merritt.

Andy Chifga, defrauding boarding-house keeper; Paul Takabo.

James Felix, larceny and receiving; Mary Goughenour.

Peter Stonebeiter, et al., entering store with intent; Andy Strittmatter.

Samuel Berkey, entering store with intent; Martin Howells.

David Butterbaugh, felonious rape; Lena Weakland.

Jacob Baumgardner, larceny; Rebecca Billig.

John E. Vogel, assault und battery; Peter Keim.

FOR TRIAL THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1893.

Commonwealth vs. Hugh McNulty, assault and battery with intent; Margaret McNulty, prosecutrix.

John Mackin, assault and battery with intent; Harry ———.

John Hoffman, felonious rape; Margaret Warner.

John Hoffman, felonious rape; Charlotte John.

John Hoffman, felonious rape; Adelaide Jones.

John Hoffman, solicitation to commit sodomy; Adelaide Jones.

John Crouse, carrying concealed weapons; John Renard.

John Crouse, pointing firearms; John Renard.

Emery Statler, enticing female child; Elizabeth Cooper.

Emery Statler, enticing female child; Elizabeth Cooper.

Joseph B. Ferguson, fornication and bastardy; Estella Berkey.

Bert Spirer, fornication and bastardy; Gussie Pruner.

John Mackin, sodomy; Jacob Stoltz.

Albert Schwartzer, defrauding boarding-house keeper; James A. Hines.

Jacob Baumgardner, larceny; Rebecca Billing.

Henry Wagner, assault and battery; James Jones.

William Watson, Dick Cook et al., assault and battery and malicious mischief; Frank Martison.

Ellen Powell, malicious mischief; M. P. Shifler.

Ann Flaherty, selling liquor without license; John Baker.

John G. C. Bearer, perjury; Lawrence Hammond.

FOR TRIAL FRIDAY, DEC. 8, 1893.

David Butterbaugh, seduction; Lena Weakland.

Patrick O'Connell, robbery; H. C. Van Horn.

John Sweeny, robbery; James Kelly.

Richard Jackson, rape; Sarah Ross.

Hugh McCloskey, et al., larceny; O. J. Deemer.

Patrick Navine et al., larceny; Joseph Clark.

Jennie Conchila, larceny; Joseph Conchila.

John Glenn, larceny; Etta Merritt.

Ferdinand Schmidt, violation liquor law; Louis Shaffer.

Neil Sharkey, violation liquor law; Sarah Jordan.

George Shaffer, Larceny; M. H. Bash.

John G. C. Bearer, perjury; L. Hammond.

Chas. E. Specht, false pretense; Hugo Shady.

Albert E. Smith, malicious mischief; Emily Stutley.

Albert E. Smith, malicious mischief; Emily Stutley.

Alonza David, affray; D. W. Kerlusey.

FOR TRIAL SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1893.

Commonweolth vs. James McMullin, violation liquor law; A. B. Martz, prosecutor.

James McMullin, violation liquor law; A. B. Martz.

F. C. Hoerle and John E. Strayer, libel; Wm. F. Cook.

F. C. Hoerle and John E. Strayer, libel. Wm. F. Cook.

E. H. Jackson, conspiracy and falsification of books; H. H. Weaver.

E. H. Jackson, forgery; H. H. Weaver.

Chas. Eakers, defrauding boarding-house keeper; H. Troxell.

W. A. Hayt, illegal lottery; R. J. McNally.

Albert Schwartzer, defrauding boarding-house keeper; Jas. A. Hines.

Jacob Baumgordiner, larceny; Rebecca Billig.

Henry Wagner, assault and battery; James Jones.

William Watson, Dick Cook, et al., malicious mischief; Frank Mortison.

Duty of Assessors.

An act passed by the last legislature and approved June 6th, 1893, requires the registry assessors of the several counties in the state to make return of all births and deaths in their districts. Below are the provisions of the act:

"Section 1. That it shall be the duty of the clerk of the Orphans' Court of each county of the commonwealth to keep a separate record of all births and of all deaths occuring within their respective counties. Said record shall be kept from data and in suitable books, both to be furnished as hereinafter provided, and shall contain in separate columns as to births, the full name of the child, sex and color, full names of father and mother, with their residence and occupation of the father, date and place of birth, with street and number, when possible, and date of making record; and as to deaths, the full name of the deceased, color, sex and age, whether married or single, place of birth, occupation, date and place of death, with street and number when possible, cause of death, duration of last illness, place and date of interment. When a minor, the name of the father and mother, and the date of making the record.

"Section 2. It shall be the duty of the assessors of the several townships, boroughs and wards within the commonwealth to obtain semi-annually, at the time of making their assessments now provided by law, and it shall be the duty of parents, guardians and other persons having knowledge to furnish to such assessors the information necessary to keep the record specified in the preceeding section. Said assessors shall return said information to the clerk of the Orphans' Court upon blanks to be furnished as hereinafter provided, at the time of making their semi-annual returns to the county commissioners, and to each return shall be attached the oath or affirmation of the assessor that he made diligent inquiry as to the births, deaths and other information referred to, within his ward, borough or township, and that his return is true to the best of his knowledge, information and belief.

"Section 3. Every person who shall violate any of the provisions of this act shall forfeit and pay the sum of ten dollars for each offense, to be recovered in the name of the commonwealth as debts of like amount are by law recoverable."

For making record of each birth or death, the clerk of the orphans' court is allowed the sum of five cents to be paid by the county; for furnishing a certified copy of a birth or death, 50 cents to be paid by the party ordering the same; for making search for each birth or death, where certified copy is not required, 10 cents, to be paid by party applying for the same. For each birth or death returned the assessor is to receive five cents, to be paid out of the county fund.

Obituary.

DAVIS.—Died at his home in Ebensburg on Wednesday, November 29th, Mr. Frederick Davis, aged about 28 years.

The deceased was the eldest son of Capt. Thomas, of Ebensburg, and was well known to everybody in this vicinity. He was an energetic young man and when but a boy started into the duties of life by doing business for himself, and continued up until his last illness as an active business man, his last venture being the taking of the contract for building a race course at Roxbury, near Johnstown. About the closing up of his work in that city, six weeks ago, he contracted a severe cold, which he at at first paid little attention to. On his return home his illness developed into typhoid fever, and notwithstanding everything that medical aid and careful nursing could do, he gradually grew worse, and for several days past it was evident to those in attendance that his death was near at hand, and on Wednesday about noon he breathed his last. The deceased was married to Mamie, daughter of J. A. Shoemaker, of this place, who is thus early left a widow with an infant daughter to mourn his early demise. Besides his wife and child, his father and mother, Captain Thomas Davis and wife, two brothers—Schuyler and Stanton, and one sister—Mrs. Lester Larimer, all of this place, survive him. His funeral will take place on Friday morning, leaving his late residence at 10:15. Interment in Lloyd's cemetery after services in the Congregational church at 10:30.

SCANLAN.—Died at her home in Ebensburg on Wednesday, November 29th, 1893, Mrs. Carrie, wife of Robert Scanlan, aged about 26 years.

The death of Mrs. Scanlan was a very unexpected one and her many friends were shocked on hearing of it. She had given birth to a child about a week previous and mother and child were getting along well until a few days before her death, when it was noticed that her condition was such as to cause some alarm, but there was no anticipation of any serious results and up until a few hours before her demise any belief that her death was so near at hand. Mrs. Scanlan's home before her marriage about three years ago was in Indiana, Pa., where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gompers reside. She leaves her husband and babe, besides her parents and two sisters and a brother to mourn her early death. Mrs. W. A. Scanlan, formerly of this place, but now of Johnstown, is a sister of the deceased. Her remains will be interred in the Catholic cemetery in this place on Friday morning at half-past ten o'clock. May she rest in peace.

The Teachers' Institute.

The twenty-seventh annual teachers' institute of Cambria county was called to order on Monday afternoon by County Superintendent Leech with 269 teachers enrolled. The following officers were elected: Vice presidents, W. F. Riblett and R. H. Biter; reading secretary, Clara Fiscus; recording secretary, Clara E. Smith; treasurer, T. L. Gibson.

On Monday evening Professor DeMotte gave a very entertaing lecture on "Air and the Aeronaut," along with some interesting experiments and assisted by some very fine views.

On Tuesday evening the Schumann Quartette Company gave an entertainment that delighted the throng of people that packed the court room to hear them, and after the rendition of each selection were generously applauded and repeatedly brought back to the stage.

On Wednesday evening Professor R. L. Cumnock, with his humorus and dramatic readings kept the large audience in the best of humor and all felt sorry at the conclusion that the prosessor's hours did not last longer.

Hon. Henry Houck will lecture on "The Old and the New" this (Thursday) evening and from his well-known reputation, the last evening of the instute's course of entertainments promises to be as interesting and entertaining as any of the former.

—The blacksmith shop of R. A. Hayes, in Patton caught fire on Monday afternoon and the flames had made such progress before their discovery that it was impossible to save the building which was burned to the ground. Mr. Hayes lost all his clothing, three trunks, some furniture and his tools. Loss is estimated at $500 with no insurance.

November Days.

November is a month of rainy, disagreeable days. The damp, cold air penetrates everywhere and chills the blood, laying the system open to colds, pneumonia and kindred complaints. There is but one remedy that stimulates the system and fortifies it against such attacks, and that is whiskey. Not such a whiskey as is generally palmed off on the public, but a whiskey of known purity and quality. Such a whiskey is Klein's Silver Age, Duquesne or Bear Creek ryes. These whiskies have been before the public for many years and find favor wherever purity is required. Physicians prescribe them hospitals use them, and every reputable dealer sells them.

They are for sale at $1.50, $1.25 $1.00 per quart respectively. Send for a complete catalogue and price list of all liquors, mailed free. All goods neatly boxed and expressed anywhere. Address, Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Married.

GRIFFITH—ZAHM.—Married at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. K. Zahm, in Ebensburg, on Tuesday morning, November 28th, 1893, by Rev. E. M. Bowman, Mr. Webster Griffith and Miss Alice Zahm, both of Ebensburg.

Mr. Griffith is one of Ebensburg's leading citizens and the bride one of our town's fairest daughters. We congratulate them on their nuptials and wish them a long career of wedded bliss. Immediately after their marriage they took the 10:20 train for Philadelphia and other eastern cities, where they will spend a short time, and return to Ebensburg and go to housekeeping.

—On Monday night burglars entered the Pennsylvania railroad station at at Wilmore and made an attempt to get into the safe but were frightened away before they accomplished their purpose. They drilled several holes in the safe but did not attempt to blow it open.

Miscellaneous Notices.

LOST about the 22nd of October, a small dark brindle cow with short, thick horns, about 3 years old. Any information concerning above will be thankfully received by

PETER CUTWALD,
Gallitzin, Pa.

Nov. 24, 1893.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will offer for sale at the council chamber, Ebensburg, on the fourth Monday in November, $1,000.00.

THOS. DAVIS, President.
LESTER LARIMER, Secretary.

FURS.
George L. Fredericks, of Ebensburg, pays the highest market price for all kinds of furs.

TRIAL LIST.
List of causes set down for trial at a term of court to be held the second week of December, 1893:

Foust vs. Otto.
Huber vs. Chest Creek Coal & Coke Co.
Fowler vs. Bland.
Noon vs. Brindle et al.
Schoonener vs. Dean.
Strause, Rothschild & Co. vs. Hochstein.
Gardner vs. Stevens.
Hughes vs. Reese.
Edwards vs. Edwards et al.
Burgrall vs. Johnstown Passenger Railway Co.
Wilson et al vs. Westover et al.
Same vs. Mays et al.
Brock vs. Williams.
Bender vs. Pryor.
Cauffiel vs. Cresswell.
Duncan vs. Pender.
Noel vs. Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Wentz vs. Campbell et al.
Martin vs. Lilly School District.
Shoemaker vs. Good.
Blair vs. Good.
Christy vs. Mitchell & Co.
Christy vs. Mitchell & Co.
Hoffman vs. Beauerlin Brewing Co.
Openheimer & Co. vs. Deahey.

J. C. DARBY,
Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's office, Ebensburg, Pa., Nov. 6th, 1893.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, Pa., and will be confirmed by said Court on the first Monday of December next, unless cause be shown to the contrary.

First and final account of Chas. J. Mayer, assignee of J. P. Kintz et ux.

First and final account of F. J. O'Connor, assignee of Christian Holecker et ux.

First and final account of A. E. Somerville, assignee of James S. Bracken.

First and final account of R. S. Murphy, assignee of Hery C. Wright et ux.

Prothonotary's office, Nov. 7, 1893.

J. C. DARBY,
Protnonotary.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Margaret Gleason, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret Gleason, late of the borough of Portage, in Cambria county, Pennsylvania, having been granted to me by the Register of Wills of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment to me without delay and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to me.

JOHN P. GROOME,
Executor.

Portage, Pa., Oct. 20, 1893. 6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.
Letters of administration on the estate of Annie R. George, late of the borough of Wilmore, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ELIZABETH M. GEORGE,
Administratrix.

Nov. 24, 1893.

STRAY BULL.
Came to the residence of the undersigned at Delaneyville, in Gallitzin township on or about October 25th, 1893, a cream colored bull about 3 years old with white on bell and end of tail; also, white spot on forehead. The owner is owner is request ed to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise will be disposed of according to law.

GILES LUMALU,
Gallitzin township.

Dec. 1, 1893.

S. L. REED. MATTHEW READE.
REED & READE,
Attorneys at Law,
EBENSBURG, - - - PENNA.
Office on Centre street. [4 28 93

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
Special attention to given claims for Pension Bounty, etc. oct7.''80

J. F. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA
Office on Centre street.

P. J. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, - - PA.
Office in Opera House. oct6.93

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office in Opera House Center street.

A Fine Assortment of
Millinery Goods,
as well as a Most Beautiful Line of
LADIES' and CHILDREN'S COATS,
CAN BE BOUGHT AT
HALF PRICE
From Now till December 1st at
FANNIE HOWELL'S,
MAIN STREET,
GALLITZIN.

EAGLE BRAND
The Best
ROOFING
Is unequaled for house, barn, factory or outbuildings and costs half the price of shingles tin or iron. It is ready for use and easily applied by anyone.

Rubber Paint
Costs only 50 cents per gallon in barrel lots, or $4.50 for 5 gallon tubs. Color, dark red. Will stop leaks in tin or iron roofs that will last for years. TRY IT. Send stamp for samples and full particulars.
Excelsior Paint and Roofing Company,
155 Duane St., New York, N. Y.
sep22.3m.nr.

BUSY?
..OF..
COURSE.

THE BIGGEST CROWD is the best proof of public confidence justly reposed in a merchant, and of the best place that gives the best value for the money.

Hitting the nail on the head requires a good eye. Use your good eye and make a note of our name and prices.

Mr. H. Orth, our buyer, has returned from the East, and while there bought large and got good prices. We buy only for CASH and cash buys more than credit these dull times. We have a larger stock than ever before, therefore we are able to quote some good prices.

In Dry Goods.

Ginghams in all paterns at 5 cents per yard.
Muslin, full width, at 4½ cents per yard.
Blue calicos, all patterns, at 5 cents per yard. Just think of it, former price 6¼ cents per yard.
Outing cloth in every style at 10 cents per yard.
Table Linen, white, at 20 cents per yard.
White flannel at 20, 35 and 48 cents per yard.
Red flannel from 18 to 35 cents per yard.
Gray flannel at 12½ cents per yard.
Storm serge, blue or black, at 40 cents per yard.
Broadcloth, blue or black, 56 inches wide, at 85 cents.
All-wool Henrietta, 54 inches wide, $1.00
Bordered serge, gray or brown, at 22 cents.
Camel hair mixed, the latest dress goods, at 40 cents.
Any color of Casmere you want 25 cents per yard.
Hop-sacking, the latest and most fashionable dress goods, at 85 cents per yad.
Chenille table covers, very pretty, from $1.48 to $2.50.

Ladies' Furnishing Department.

Ladies' Jersey ribbed vests, with sleeves, at 25 cents.
Ladies' wool hose at 20 cents.
Ladies' Fascinators from 15 cents to $1.50.
Ladies' Coats, all sizes, from $1.50 to $15.00.

Blankets and Haps in Abundance.

Gray and white blankets from 75 cents to $6.48 per pair. Remember these blankets are full 10-4 wide. Haps, full size, from 65 cents to $3.00.

CLOTHING.

FOR BOYS.
Boys' suits, latest styles, from $1.24 to $7.00.
Youth's suits in the very latest patterns, commencing at $2.89 and up.
We bought a special lot of boys' three-piece suits, sizes 9, 10, 11 and 12. They are actually worth $12.00. We can sell them for $3.50 and $4.98. They are dandies.

FOR MEN.
We are strictly in the swim.
Good heavy worsted suits, all sizes, for $5.98.
Better suits as high as $22.00.
The overcoat season is here. Our sales have started and they are going fast.
WHY?
Because no one ever saw them so cheap.
We are prepared for a big trade in pants. We mean to sell and can't help it. If you look at our fine line you will buy.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
WE ARE IN THE LEAD.
Stiff hats, the latest styles, for $100.
Better quality stiff hats from $1.25 up to $2.50.
Caps in all styles and kinds from 10 cents to $1.00.
Good heavy overshirts for 48 cents.
All-wool blue, black and grey shirts for $1.25.
Latest styles laundried shirts, with collar attached, from 75 cents up to $1.50.
You ought to see

Our Line of 24c. Ties.
THEY ARE BEAUTIES.
All-wool "Golden Rule" underclothing at 90 cents.
Camel's hair, the best made underclothing, for 75 cents each.
Two-threaded "non-shrinking" underclothing, any stripe or pattern you want for $1.00 each.
These goods are manufactured by the Switz Condee Mills and a guarantee accompanies each and every one.

CARPETS.
The carpets this season are very nice. The patterns are bright and fascinating. See them and you will be convinced that OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT for anybody.
We carry
LARGER STOCK of OILCLOTH
than any other store on the mountain. It is beautiful.

Furniture.

Full eight-piece hard wood bedroom suit, $22.00.
Full eight-piece oak bedroom suit, $27.00.
Beds, light or dark, from $2.50 to $7.50.
Lounges, Moquet plush, very fancy, for $5.50.
These lounges are full six feet long and good width.
We carry the best assortment of rockers in town.
It would do you good to see our leader: A cane bottom rocker, with very fancy back, for $2.98.

Kitchen Tables, $1.98.

Breakfast Tables, drop leaf, six legs, for $3.00.
Six foot extension tables, drop leaf, oak, for $5.00. Child's rockers from 50 cents to $1.75.
See our

CHILD'S ROCKER FOR $1.24

We give you one mattress bed tick cotton top and woven wire spring for $5.00.
"Solid bottom" kitchen chair, light or dark, $3.00.
Ask any of our customers and they will recommend and advise you to buy our $6.24 cane chairs.

SHOES!

A GREAT VARIETY!
ALL SHAPES AND STYLES.

Ladies' Dongola tip, button, C. S. or opera, $1.25.
Ladies' Dongola tip, spring heel, $1.25, $1.35, $1.75 and $2.00.
Ladies' Dongola tip Blucher, $2.50.
Men's buckle brogans, 95 cents.
Men's tip or plain Congress and Bals at $1.25.

ORTH & CO.,
THE PIONEERS OF LOW PRICES,
GALLITZIN, PENNA.

JUST RECEIVED.
A CAR LOAD OF
ODORLESS PHOSPHATE
AT
EBENSBURG FOUNDRY.
ALSO: SOME ELEGANT POTATO DIGGERS.

The NEW YORK Sun.
The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever!

The Sunday Sun
Is the Greatest Sunday Newspaper in the World.

Price, 5c. per copy. By mail, $2 a year.
Daily, by mail, - - $6 a year.
Daily and Sunday, by mail, - $8 a year.
The Weekly, - - - $1 a year.
Address THE SUN, New York.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR INCORPORATION.
Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on **Monday, the 11th day of December, A. D. 1893**, by F. F. Campbell, H. D. Hoover, John P. Lloyd, M. D. Bearer and John C. Martin, under an Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved the 29th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the **John C. Martin Coal Company**, the character and object of which is to mine coal, manufacture coke, ship and sell the same, and for the e purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

Nov. 17, 1883.

JOHN PFISTER,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Hardware, Queensware,
MADE-UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
VEGETABLES IN SEASON,
HARNESS, ETC.,
OPPOSITE JUNCTION HOTEL,
CRESSON, PA.
ma92 20ly

JUST RECEIVED!
—A LARGE LOT—
Boots & Shoes
—BOUGHT AT—
Sheriff's Sale!
—FROM THE STOCK OF—
W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

FULL BLOOD SHROPSHIRES
FOR SALE!

I have a choce lot of ram lambs which are richly bred from both sire and dams of noted stock. They are covered with a dense fleece of choice wool. Low down, square animals, built broad and of good weight and in good condition. There is no better stock to place at the head of a herd of good ewes. I will sell a limited number of ewe lambs and also a few good yearling ewes. If anyone wants something fine to start a fine flock equal to any in the land for wool and mutton. Will be sold soon.

REUBEN FOX,
Tyrone, Blair county, Pa.

Oct. 20, 1893.

FEES BROS.'
Shaving Parlor,
Main Street, Near Post Office

The undersigned desires to inform the public that they have opened a shaving par'or on Main street, near the post office where barbering in all its branche's will be carried on in the future. Everything neat and clean.
Your patronage solicited.

FEES BROS.

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address

R. A. ENGLEHART,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Aug. 5, 1892.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.
ESTABLISHED 1872.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
Carrolltown Bank,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of general banking business:

DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS
Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS
Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS
Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS
Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.
Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

A. E. PATTON, President. WM. H. SANDFORD, Cashier.

THE
First National Bank
OF PATTON.
PATTON, Cambria Co., Pa.
Capital, paid up, - - $50,000.

Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals received upon the most favorable terms consistent with safe and conservative Banking.

Steamship Tickets for sale by all the leading Lines and Foreign Drafts payable in any of the principal cities of the Old World.

All correspondence will have our personal and prompt attention.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
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1794. 1891.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE 'ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

CASSIDAY'S
Shaving Parlor,
EBENSBURG.

THIS well-known Shaving Parlor is located on Centre street, near the County Jail, has recently been handsomely refurnished, papered, and fitted with every modern convenience, and is one of the prettiest, neatest, and best shops in Northern Cambria. It is in charge of competent workmen who will give every attention to customers. Your patronage solicited.

ROBERT CASSIDAY.

IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

The Experience of a Drummer in the Rush for Land.

He Found He Had Made a Great Mistake and Was Glad to Get Out of the Country Alive—Trials of Other Would-Be Sooners.

No less than eight traveling men were seduced into making a run to the Cherokee strip in search of quarter sections or town lots and the number which returned disappointed and disgusted was exactly six. As I was one of the number and hence am telling a tale on myself, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, I cannot be accused of malice, unless it be against mankind in general and the interior department in particular. I paid twenty dollars for a turn to register, and have ever since looked upon the man who made the sale as a remarkably smart individual. I obtained a certificate and at twelve o'clock commenced to ride a bright looking horse into the strip. I might have got a good claim if I could have controlled the horse. But I couldn't. The animal simply did his best to beat everything else in sight, taking the fastest horse for peacemaker and following with praiseworthy assiduity. I have been under the impression that I could ride, and if sticking on a horse's back means good riding I have nothing to be ashamed of, for I certainly did not fall off. Otherwise I was a complete failure as a rider, for the horse went at his own gait, turned when he wanted to and treated my desires with a contempt which was supreme. It was nearly three o'clock before he got so tired out that I was able to stop him, and by that time he had got me into one of the worst sections in the strip, where the ground did not begin to be worth the amount the government asked for it. Whether those who obtained the claims got in on balloons or whether they sneaked in over night I am not prepared to say, but every claim with pretense of herbage or water on it was occupied, and one man had a house half built. It did not take me long to make up my mind that the sooner I could get back into Kansas the better, but I had no idea of the enormous distance I had traveled until I had got well into the journey on an exhausted horse which needed both food and water badly. I had to camp out all night, and finally got into town on Sunday morning heartily ashamed of myself, and with enough dust on me to have started a small vegetable garden. My only consolation was that hundreds of others were equally unfortunate, and I believe there was more grumbling and cussing to the square inch all day Sunday in this town than anyone present could possibly realize. W., who travels for a St. Jo dry goods house, did not turn up till just after supper on Sunday evening. Exactly what happened to him no one will know until he regains his temper. At present he will give no information whatever, and all that is known is that he went into the strip on horseback and came back as an extra passenger in a prairie schooner or ex-boomer's wagon. A Chicago man who went in with us on horseback from here got hopelessly lost, and finally found himself at Kiowa, where he sold the quadruped and took the cars back here. Another man of the traveling fraternity, who has always boasted that he never got left, joined a town-site colony a few days before the opening and went in with them. Half a dozen sooners were quarreling over the quarter section they had designed to make the metropolis of the Indian territory when they arrived at it, and all they could do was to drive back. Our brother in affliction gives a most humorous account of his experience. Three of the number made the run on horseback, the balance following in wagons. When they met at the coveted spot and compared notes they decided to camp out for the night and come back at their leisure as they had enough food and drink on hand to give indigestion, if not gout, to the entire party. A remarkable difficulty then beset them. Every inch of ground of the vicinity was claimed, and no one would allow them to camp fearing lest it was a trick for the purpose of securing evidence in a projected contest. Finally their resting place was selected on the edge of one of the countless branches of the Arkansas river, and after a hearty supper and a good wash in the river an attempt was made to sleep. The darkness brought with it thousands of mosquitoes and millions of insignificant creeping things which stung worse than could be imagined, and camp was broken before nine o'clock. After that two or three more attempts were made to secure a decent resting place, and finally it was decided to keep moving as the best opportunity for comfort. Several miles were covered during the night, and in the morning the heartbreaking discovery was made that they were going south instead of north. They retraced their steps and finally got back into town in a very dilapidated and dirty condition and with an immense amount of conceit knocked out of them. We propose to resume our ordinary avocations as soon as we are rested up.

An Emperor Rebuked

A French journal tells a story, which deserves to be true, of a Chinese mandarin who dared to speak the truth to the emperor—not a very safe proceeding, as is commonly supposed, when the emperor happens to be in a passion. The favorite horse of Emperor Ts. had died through the negligence of the man to whose care he was intrusted. The emperor, in his rage, would have run him through, but the mandarin Yent-Se interposed and parried the blow.

"Sire," he cried, "this man is not yet charged with the crime for which he deserves to die."

"Well, then," said the emperor, "tell him what it is."

"Listen, you scoundrel," said the minister, "to an enumeration of the crimes that you have committed: First, you have allowed a horse to perish which the emperor had intrusted to your safe keeping. Moreover, it is owing to you that our sovereign became so exasperated that he was on the point of killing you with his own hand. And lastly, it is your fault that he was about to disgrace himself in the eyes of everyone by killing a man for a horse."

"Let him go," said the emperor. "I pardon him."—Youth's Companion.

An Artist's Eye.

Painters cultivate what is called the "innocence of the eye," trying to see nature simply as forms and colors, as a child sees it, without reference to what reason and experience may teach them. No two of them see exactly the same way. One painter in New York says that he is astonished to find how gray everything is—even sky and foliage. Another finds the streets full of reds and purples. A younger artist says: "When I began to paint everything seemed to me dark. The longer I look at nature the more light I find in it. My great trouble now is to get my pictures as light as nature seems to my eye. I find more yellow in the landscape than I used to. But, after all, these things are subjective, and a man paints what is inside of his head,

JAMES R. WAITE,

Manager of Waite's Celebrated Comedy Co., Premium Band and Orchestra.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

You will remember the condition I was in five years ago, when I was afflicted with a combination of diseases, and thought there was NO HELP FOR ME. I tried all kinds of medicines, and scores of eminent physicians. My nerves were prostrated, producing dizziness, heart trouble and all the ills that make life miserable. I commenced to take

DR. MILES' NERVINE

and in three months I WAS PERFECTLY CURED. In my travels each year, when I see the thousands of physical wrecks, suffering from nervous prostration, taking prescriptions from local physicians who have no knowledge of their case, and whose death is certain, I feel like going to them and saying, "GET DR. MILES' NERVINE AND BE CURED." In my profession, where there are so many sufferers from overwork, mental prostration and nervous exhaustion, brought on by the character of the business engaged in, I would recommend "MILES' NERVINE" as a sure cure for all suffering from these causes.

JAMES R. WAITE.

HAS CURED THOUSANDS

Sold on a Positive Guarantee.

DR. MILES' PILLS, 50 DOSES 25 CTS.

SOLD BY DR. T. J. DAVISON, EBENSBURG.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 45th St., N.Y.

Cures Sick Headache

---

never wants to learn, but the

WISE MAN

reads that

OLD HONESTY

CHEWING TOBACCO

is the best that is made, and at ONCE tries it, and saves money and secures more satisfaction than ever before. AVOID imitations. Insist on having the genuine. If your dealer hasn't it ask him to get it for you.

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

TO ALL TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that I have purchased from William McManamy, of White township, and left them in his possession during my pleasure, two horses and sucking colt, seven cows, three hogs, about 15 tons of hay, plows, harrows, mowing machine, hayrake, two-horse wagon, pair of bob sleds, household and kitchen furniture, four head of young cattle and one wind mill.

JOHN McMANAMY,
White township, Cambria county, Pa.

Nov. 3, 1893.

DO you need Job Printing? If so, give the FREEMAN a trial order.

NICKNAMES OF NOTED MEN.

"MAD YANKEE"—Elisha Kane.

"BLACK DAN"—Daniel Webster.

"BLACK JACK"—John A. Logan.

"LITTLE PHIL"—Philip Sheridan.

"THE SILENT MAN"—U. S. Grant.

"OLD HICKORY"—Andrew Jackson.

"THE HONEST MAN"—James Monroe.

"POOR RICHARD"—Benjamin Franklin.

"THE RAILSPLITTER"—Abraham Lincoln.

"WIZARD OF THE NORTH"—Sir Walter Scott.

"BACHELOR PRESIDENT"—James Buchanan.

"THE POET OF NATURE"—William C. Bryant.

"OLD ROUGH AND READY"—Zachary Taylor.

"GRAND OLD MAN"—William E. Gladstone.

"OLD MAN ELOQUENT"—John Quincy Adams.

"THE LITTLE GIANT"—Stephen A. Douglas.

"GOLDSMITH OF AMERICA"—Washington Irving.

"SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR"—Wendell Phillips.

"THE FATHER OF GREENBACKS"—Salmon P. Chase.

"SCHOOLMASTER OF OUR REPUBLIC"—Noah Webster.

PARIS FASHION BITS.

TABLIERS, tunics and overskirts are a foregone conclusion.

BRAIDING is again in high favor on skirts, redingotes, capes, sleeves, coats and bodices.

NEW velvet Spanish and zouave jackets are finished with ruchings of cream-colored guipure.

FRENCH designers use red and green shot velvet to trim brown bengaline, cheviot and Scotch tweed gowns.

RED serge, camel's hair or sacking dresses are combined with black watered silk and trimmed with many rows of very narrow jet gimp.

GERANIUM red bengaline for vests on black gowns is a fashionable freak that will have a cheerful effect when the cheerless days of winter set in.

GRANITE and armure weaves in two colors, but not changeable, are among the late importations. They are in cheviot finish and are exceedingly soft and pliable.

LEATHER shades, gold, yellows, russets, light olives and sapphire, swallow, peacock and drakes' neck blue are among the most fashionable colors of the season.

NEWS NOTES AND COMMENTS.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S farm at Mentor has been divided up into building lots. The land boom and the historic site often come into conflict.

PRESIDENT CARNOT has toasted the French army. But the German emperor seems to think that he is the only man in the world that can do it up brown.

BISMARCK has sold his memoirs for a large sum, the condition being that they are to be published immediately after his death. This is a bit of intelligence that will make William squirm.

PATTI has been admitting her pet weaknesses, which include Dickens among novelists, Longfellow among poets, and entertaining friends as a favorite pastime, but she said not a word about her hobby for farewell tours.

KING BEHANZIN, of Dahomey, recently sent to England, by way of Lagos, a cable message on which the tolls were nearly fifteen hundred dollars. If the cable company properly cultivates "Old Benzine" it will be enabled to declare extra dividends.

A LITTLE AVRIETY.

THE little toe is said to be disappearing from the human foot.

A PHILADELPHIA medical paper says that city noises produce disease.

THE value of Canada's fisheries yield last year is announced as $13,941,171.

IN Blackstone's time 150 offenses were punishable in England by death.

IT is usually considered that an adult should drink about three pints of liquid a day.

THE prince of Wales has seventeen brothers-in-law, sixteen uncles, sixty-seven cousins and fifty-seven nephews and nieces.

THE second son of the archbishop of Canterbury has achieved considerable success with a novel entitled "Dodo," dealing with fashionable society.

THE GROOM (very wealthy)—"Why did you marry an ordinary chap like me?" The Bride—"I haven't the slightest idea; mamma managed the whole affair."—Life's Calendar.

TRY THEM.

A SHORT needle in sewing.

TURPENTINE for grease on velvet or cloth.

REMOVING ink from boards with muriatic acid, afterward washed with water.

A SHEET of white paper on a dark table cover, if you must work at it at night.

ONE ounce of borax, two ounces of shellac, one pint of boiling water, for a glue or cement.

REMOVING marking ink from linen with a solution of cyanuret of potassium, applied with a camel's hair brush, and rinsed in cold water.

SENTENCES BY "JUDGE."

THE last indulgence spoils the first.

IT is the bird with fine feathers that gets plucked.

WHEN you make a feast for swine you must provide troughs for them.

HEREDITY is announced in the curve of an eyelash or the texture of a finger-nail.

CURS and sycophants partake of their masters' antipathies and follow up their disputes.

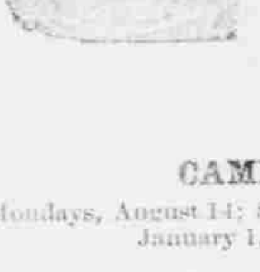
THERE is another sentence than that pronounced by the judge which falls upon the conscience of the accused.—Katharine Grosjean.

The Other Dear Charmer.

"It is really a great pity," said Esmerelda Cervantes, the harpist, who is on terms of intimate friendship with the different members of the Spanish royal family, "that Princess Isabella, Eulalia's eldest sister, did not come to America instead of Eulalia. She is one of the most admirable and accomplished women I ever knew. Hers is indeed a noble character. She is a widow and devotes herself to good works and the arts. She is a thorough musician and is the author of some very fine musical compositions. It would really be difficult to fancy two people more totally unlike than are these two royal sisters. Neither do they look alike, as you can see by their photographs," and Mlle. Cervantes produced two inscribed pictures, one a very good likeness of Infanta Eulalia and the other representing a sweet, dignified, refined woman, somewhat older but much handsomer. "Princess Isabella is greatly beloved in Madrid," continued Mlle. Cervantes. "Had she come here she would have won golden opinions for herself and the Spanish people. Unlike Eulalia, she is of equable temper and is always to be relied upon. I am very fond of her and consider it not only an honor but a privilege to be numbered among her friends."—Chicago Post.

DR. MORITZ SALM,

This eminent Physician has devoted lifetime to his Specialty—Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lung and Chronic Diseases.



The Doctor has been for years a Professor and lecturer in several of our largest Medical Colleges, and has earned great fame as an authority and author on all subjects concerning his specialty.

CAMBRIA HOUSE, EBENSBURG, PA.,

Mondays, August 14; September 11, October 9, November 6, December 4, 1893, January 1, 29; February 26, March 26, April 23, May 21, June 18, 1894, till 6 P. M.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

Opposite the Pennsylvania Depot,

Tuesdays, August 15, September 12, October 10, November 7, December 5, 1893, January 1, 30; February 27, March 27, April 24, May 22, June 19, 1894.

ALL EYE OPERATIONS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED BY HIM

JACOB VOGEL, Gallitzin, Pa.

MRS. MARY LITZINGER, Wilmore, Pa.

WAS REDUCED TO A WRECK AFTER TEN YEARS FEARFUL RAVAGES OF CATARRH AND CHRONIC BRONCHITIS. DR. SALM CURED ME.

For ten years I have suffered terribly with Catarrh and Bronchitis. The disease gradually extended to almost every other organ in my body. I became a physical and mental wreck. Have tried our best doctors in the country, but I grew worse and worse until as a last resort I gave my case to Dr. Salm and I am glad to say that under his treatment I begun to improve from the very first month. That distressing cough and awful pain in my chest has left me. I need not stop for breath any more and feel as strong as ever. The most wonderful of all is that I have not taken a single cold since the first month.

JACOB VOGEL,
Gallitzin, Cambria Co., Pa. 64 years old.

WE INTRUSTED OUR BOY CHEERFULLY TO HIS CARE.

Our little boy has been cross eyed for some years and was gradually getting worse. We knew of some splendid work of Dr. Salm's in Ohio, so we entrusted him cheerfully to his care. The operation was done within 1 minute's time and without pain, and now the eyes are straight, as you can see by pictures above.

MRS. C. A. YINKEY.
188 Morris street, Johnstown.

CLOSURE OF THE TEARDUCT CURED BY DR. SALM

I have had a good deal of trouble with my eyes for the last five years—tears running over my cheeks continually. Dr. Salm called it closure of the tearduct and operated on the same, and now I can keep my handkerchief in my pocket instead of wiping my eyes continually.

MRS. MARTHA CARNEY.
Indiana, Pa.

I HAVE BEEN TOTALLY BLIND—DR. SALM CURED ME.

I have been totally blind in my right eye for some years. No medicine did me any good, so I consulted Dr. Salm, who visits Johnstown every four weeks. The Doctor made a fine and successful operation, so that I can see once more very well. Anyone wishing to see the cataract can do so by calling on me at my home at Wilmore, Pa. I was 74 years old last May.

MARY LITZINGER.
Johnstown, Pa.

CURED OF DEAFNESS AND CATARRH BY DR. SALM.

Our son Stanley has been very hard of hearing for some years all on account of a bad case of catarrh. We brought him to Dr. Salm for treatment, and now, after only four months, he is almost entirely well and I am certain that the Doctor will finish a cure within the time set.

BENJAMIN LIMHERT.
Mardisburg, Centre Co., Pa. His father

SUFFERED UNTOLD AGONIES FOR FIFTEEN YEARS; TRIED SEVEN DIFFERENT DOCTORS UNTIL TREATED BY DR. SALM.

For the last fifteen years I have been suffering very much; have been treated by seven different doctors. Nearly all of them gave my ailment a different name and gave me medicine accordingly. The result was that I became worse and worse until at last I went to Dr. Salm, who pronounced my disease to be of the bladder, kidneys and stomach, and treated me accordingly, with the most splendid result. He has done me more good in one month than all others in fifteen years and I feel once more like I did sixteen years ago; no feeling of tiredness or fatigue as heretofore. I can do my own work and enjoy it. That was an impossibility heretofore.

MRS. NETTIE POORMAN.
Milesburg, Centre county, Pa.

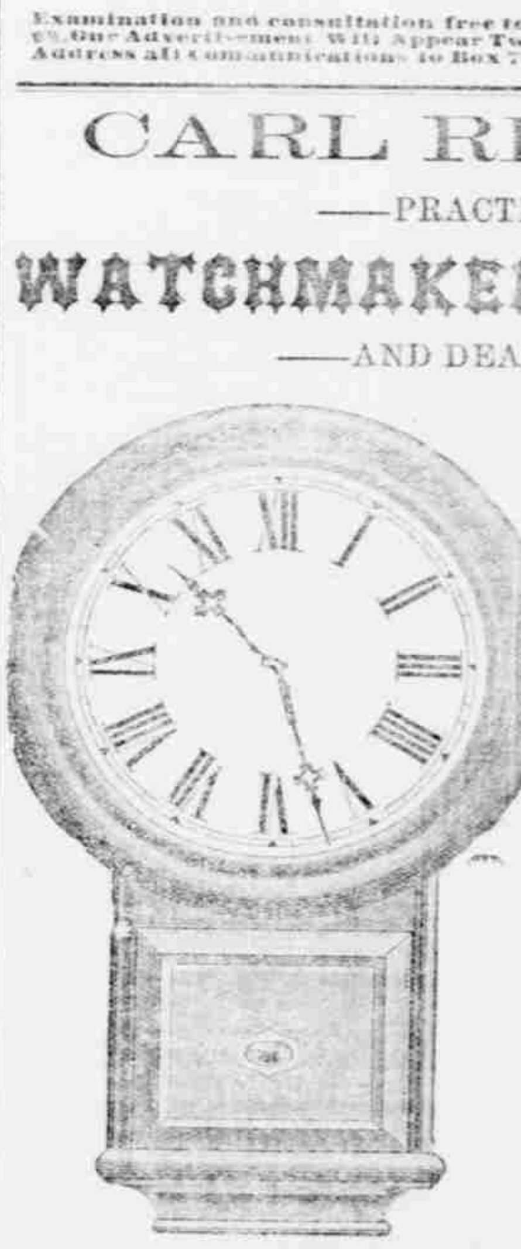
Examination and consultation free to everybody.
One Advertisement Will Appear Twice Before Each Visit.
Address all communications to Box 760.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks

—JEWELRY,—

Silverware, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Optical Goods.

Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVINIUS.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG.

No. 1. Farm Harness. $24.50.
No. 119 Road Wagon. $27
No. 718½ $42.
No. 41. Wagon. $43.

Have sold to consumers for 20 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the oldest and largest manufacturers in America selling Buggies and Harness this way. Ship with privilege to examine before any money is paid. We pay freight both ways if not satisfactory. Warrant for two years. Why pay an Agent $10 to $50 to order for you? Write your own order. Boxing free. We take all the risk of damage in shipping.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Spring Wagons, $35 to $50. Guaranteed same as sell for $65 to $85. Surreys, $70 to $100, same as sell for $100 to $150. Top Buggies at $42, fine as sold at $65. Phaetons at $75 to $100. Wagonettes, Milk Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts.

OUR HARNESS

are all No. 1 Oak-tanned Leather. Single $8 to $20; Double Buggy, $18 to $35. Riding Saddles and Fly Nets. 3 per cent. off for cash with order. 64-page illustrated Catalogue free. Address

W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

Ely's Cream Balm THE CURE FOR CATARRH HAY-FEVER AND COLD IN HEAD

Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN

SAPOLIO

IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

GROWN IN WASHINGTON.

CLOVER five feet high.

CORNSTALKS fourteen feet high.

A BEET weighing thirty pounds.

TIMOTHY seven feet eight inches high.

A CABBAGE weighing fifty-three pounds.

A BUNCH of grapes weighing six pounds.

A PUMPKIN weighing ninety-three pounds.

ALFALFA from a yield of twelve tons per acre.

HOPS from a yield of 9,592 pounds per acre.

ONE strawberry ten inches in circumference.

A WATERMELON weighing sixty-four pounds.

AN onion weighing four pounds and one ounce.

AN apple weighing two pounds and four ounces.

A POTATO weighing eight pounds four ounces.

A RADISH weighing nine and one-half pounds.

A HILL of potatoes that yielded forty-three pounds.

A SQUASH weighing one hundred and twenty pounds.

WHEAT from a yield of sixty-eight bushels per acre.

SIXTY-SEVEN pounds of potatoes from two pounds planted.

OATS from a yield of one hundred and twenty-five bushels per acre.

A BLACKBERRY bush showing twenty-one feet growth this year.

A BRANCH from a prune tree thirty-three inches long with forty-six pounds of fruit on it.

A PLANK fifty inches wide, thirty inches thick, thirty-two feet long, and not a knot in it.

ELECTRICAL FLASHES.

IN 1600 Gilbert recorded that other bodies besides amber had electric properties.

TESLA, the electrician, thinks he has solved the problem of transmitting electricity to a distance with little loss of power.

THE destructiveness of a new Gatling gun may be imagined when it is stated that it fires 3,129 shots a minute. When operated by an electric motor, it fires 5,000 shots in a minute.

SAMUEL LEFFERS, an aged resident of Moraine, N. D., who has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for over twenty years, has been entirely and, it is thought, permanently cured by a slight stroke of lightning.

MR. EDISON is now engaged in the construction of a magnetic ore concentrator which he expects will work a revolution in the iron business so that northern furnaces can once more successfully compete with the south.

TELEPHONEMETER is the new word naming an instrument to register the time of each conversation at the telephone from the time of ringing up the exchange to the ringing-off signal. Such a system would reduce rentals of telephones to a scale according to the service, instead of a fixed charge to a business firm or occasional user alike.—Scientific American.

MEANINGS OF TITLES.

SULTAN, or in its older form, solden was first adopted by Bajazet. The older title of the chief Mohammedan ruler was caliph, commander of the Faithful.

THE Greek emperors of Constantinople called themselves "Holy," and one of the official titles by which they insisted on being addressed was: "Your Holiness."

COUNT dates from the later Roman empire. Before the evacuation of Britain by the Romans a count of the Saxon shore was appointed to prevent Saxon invasions.

AMONG the titles of the Roman emperors were Augustus, Cæsar, Divus, Pius, Felix, Clemens, Tranquillus, Sanctissimus, Altissimus, Dominus and others of similar ponderosity.

THE title of Illustrious was never formally bestowed as a title of honor until the time of Constantine, and was then given to such princes as had distinguished themselves in war.

THE quaestor was a Roman official found in two or more departments. In one he fulfilled the duties of a public prosecutor, in the other he had charge of the public revenues.

RAILROAD RATTLE.

A LOCOMOTIVE requires fuel and labor to the value of three thousand dollars in the course of a year.

THE railways of England and Scotland derive a larger revenue from their goods than from their passenger traffic.

IN every mile of railroad there is seven feet and four inches that is not covered by the rails—the space left between them for expansion.

THE Victoria railway bridge over the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, Can., contains 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry work and 10,500 tons of iron.

MOSQUITOES were unknown in Atlanta, Ga., before sleeping cars were run from Savannah into that city. This is evidence that mosquitoes travel first-class.

THOUGHTS FOR IDLE MOMENTS

THE older we become the more the wheels of time seem to have been oiled.

WE cannot all be the nickel-plated parts of the machinery.—Endeavor Herald.

THE man who expects to outrun a lie had better not start with lame feet.—Ram's Horn.

THE man who sets out to be a reformer will never get to rest a minute.—Ram's Horn.

JOB was, I admit, a fairly patient man, but he never tackled the task of putting up stove pipes.—Endeavor Herald.

DES CARTES' famous remark: "I think, therefore I am," is supplemented by Phillips Brooks' "What I believe that I become."—Chicago Standard.

A South American Amazon.

Among the persons who have had great influence in the revolution in Rio Grande do Sul is a woman—Mme. Gabriela de Matos, thirty-one years old, with large blue eyes and blonde hair. At the beginning of the revolt she sold her cattle and attached herself to the troops of Yuca Tigre, whose adjutant she became. She accompanied the half-wild leader on all his expeditions, clad in a uniform which was a strange combination of women's and men's attire. Across her shoulders she carried a band on which were the words: "Long Live Liberty! Long Live Rio Grande do Sul!" Many deeds of courage, as well as kindness, are told of this unusual woman, who believes that she is a second Joan of Arc, called to lead her country to independence.

Prophets in Java.

There is a good deal of profit in the prophet business in Java. A prophet of that island has been paid four hundred dollars a year for the last fifteen years "for not predicting a tidal wave which will sweep clear over the island." But, after all, he can't be very enterprising. With the amount of credulity ready at hand to work upon, he could get one thousand dollars a year just as easily as not.

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Are you reckless enough to venture? If so send two cents in stamps to the Mask Publishing Co., 528 and 530 Washington Street, New York, for one of their beautiful illustrated "Ladies' Books." It is a novel, unique, and interesting work to every person of refinement.

On receipt of ten cents in stamps they will send postpaid a full set of their famous household game **Verba.**

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THE AMERICA'S CUP.

It Was First Sailed for Over Forty Years Ago.

The first race for the cup, now known as the America's cup, was sailed around the Isle of Wight on August 22, 1851, says the Philadelphia Press. Of the yachts that sailed the seas in those days the gallant old America, full of years and honors, is probably the only one now in commission. The Royal yacht squadron had offered a cup open to competition by yachts of all nations. The America was lying at Cowes, and her owners were anxious to get a match race with a representative British yacht. Commodore Stevens entered the America in this open race. There were six schooners, one a three-master of three hundred and ninety-two tons, and eight cutters in the race. The America was the last yacht to get off. She ran wing-and-wing, her mainsail out on one side and her foresail out on the other, and very soon had sailed grandly through the fleet, reaching the schooner Beatrice and the cutters Aurora, Volante and Arrow, which were leading. Finally the America, by very skillful dodging, managed to get into the lead.

The Yankee boat with the wind free had shown superiority over the English vessels. And when it came to windward work she proved that she was equally superior. She worked to the windward so speedily that by the time the point was reached there was not a yacht in sight from her decks. The wind now died down and a strong head tide was encountered, against which the America made little headway. This gave the fleet, which had not yet caught the full strength of the tide, a chance to creep up on her. The little cutter Aurora and the cutter Arrow nearly caught up with the America, but the rest of the fleets were miles astern. At St. Catherine's the Arrow went aground and was out of the race, but the little Aurora clung to the America admirably. The wind now freshened again and the America drew away rapidly from her plucky little rival. After getting by St. Catherine's the America had a leading wind, and easing off her sheets tore through the water in magnificent style and swept toward Cowes a remarkable winner. The defeated English yachts were two days altogether in getting into port. The dismay of the English yachtsmen and all Great Britain at the terrible defeat given by the little black Yankee is almost a matter of international history.

Commodore Stevens had tried before the big race for a match very hard and had posted in the Royal squadron's castle a challenge to sail against any yacht for from one thousand to ten thousand guineas, but the English were afraid of the Yankee from his first appearance and the challenge was never accepted.

A TERROR TO BANKERS.

The Fraud Who Comes in the Guise of Humble Honesty Is Most Dreaded.

N. A. Painbolt, of Norfolk, Neb., who was present at the world's congress of finance at Chicago, said to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "I am more fearful of the man who makes a good appearance than of the other kind. Men who expect to deceive bankers understand how much we have to depend upon looks. They prepare themselves accordingly. If a man comes to me with a certain amount of timidity and want of confidence, I am more inclined to take him at his word and give him what he wants than if he is ready of speech and entirely self-possessed. As for the theory that the confidence man betrays himself by his manner I have my doubts. It hasn't been my experience with them. Dickens is considered an authority on human nature. Dickens said something like this: 'The general impression is that a dishonest man cannot look you in the face. Let me disabuse your mind of that, for I promise you a dishonest man can look you out of countenance every hour of the day if there is anything to be gained by it.' My experience in the banking business confirms that view of it."

J. M. Dinwiddie, of Cedar Rapids, said: "Let me add my experience. A man came into my bank with a check for fifteen dollars—his wages as a carpenter, he said. He was dressed like a workingman. He looked like one. In every way he had the appearance of an honest man. I hadn't the least doubt he was what he claimed to be and cashed his check. He had forged the signature. He cashed six others like it in our city that day. We got him and I looked him over carefully, but I couldn't see anything about him which conflicted with my first judgment that he was an honest working man. Even after he was in prison he was just as honest looking as when he came to the bank window."

THE PARIAHS OF INDIA.

A New Era Seems to Be Dawning for These Oppressed People.

The pariahs of India have hitherto fared hardly at the hands of the state no less than at those of their fellows. But a new era seems about to dawn for them, says the Westminster Gazette. Two orders recently published by the Madras government at least recognize that they have certain rights, and abolish some of the unjust laws which have in the past given the caste classes an undue privilege. The first order deals with the land question and provides that all waste lands bought in by or forfeited to the government are the absolute property of the government and are thus taken out of the power of the caste landholders, who have hitherto insisted on and been allowed a preferential claim. These lands are to be assigned in small lots to such pariahs as are able to cultivate them to advantage.

The pariahs are also to receive sites for pariah villages on the waste lands, and, if the caste people raise a law suit to get possession of any sites so assigned, the government is to be represented in the suit for the protection of the pariahs. Slavery is not merely abolished theoretically, as it was in previous enactments; it will now be hard to introduce it practically. The government declares that by the existing law all bonds executed by parents mortgaging their children's labor for an advance of money are null and void, and invite the cooperation of missionaries to report and expose all cases where the law is evaded.

Saved Him Some Trouble.

Col. Barksdale, of the Pennsylvania railroad, tells a good story that happened while he was escorting the precious bit of machinery known as the "John Bull" train to the world's fair. He said: "Our train had stopped at some isolated town in Ohio, when a countryman with two little pups under his arm, who resembled a tramp after a full winter's exposure, came up to the cars and asked me if I was the 'boss of the train.' I said I was. He then said: 'Can I go aboard?' 'Not unless you give me a pup,' I said. The haste with which he complied with my request ought to have put me on my guard, and after he had deposited the small canine in my hands he casually walked through the cars and looked them over. After awhile he came back and said: 'Mister, I am much obleeged for your kindness in taking that purp, as it saves me some trouble, as I was on my way to drown it.'"